

1/2d.

# Daily Mirror

Fountain Pens for All.

See page 2.

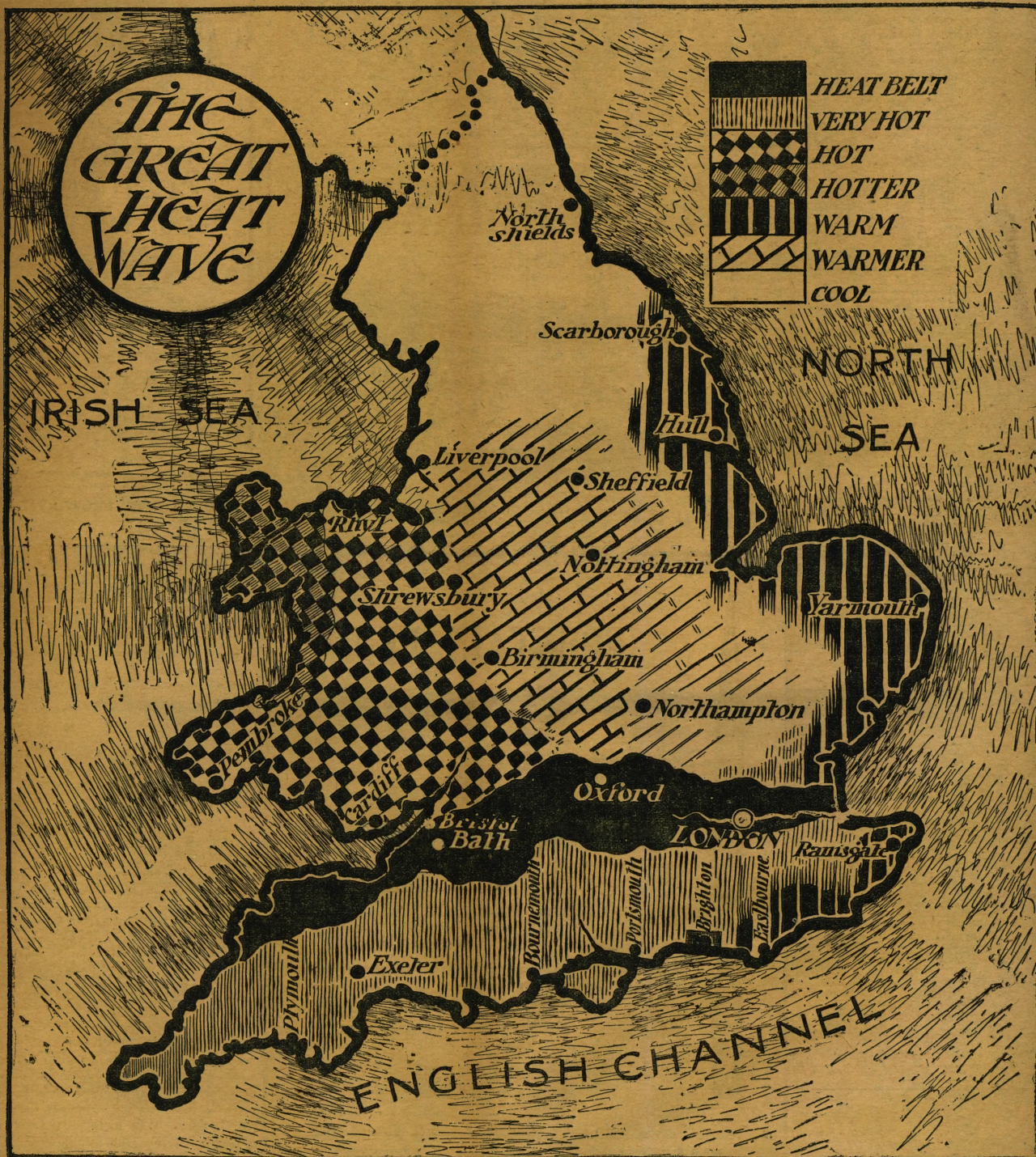
No. 215.

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TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

ENGLAND'S HOTTEST AND COOLEST PLACES.



From the mouth of the Thames right away to Bath and Bristol in the west lies a great heat-belt, where the maximum shade temperature for the past few days has been at least three degrees higher than any other part of England. Above we print a map showing the districts affected by the great heat wave, and in the corner is a key diagram indicating how hot it is in other parts of the country.



## BIRTHS.

**FOREMAN**—On the 9th, at Ludlow House, 236, Farnes Park-road, Hornsey, the wife of Frederick J. Foreman, of a son.

**GREIG**—On July 9, at 60, Grove-road, Walthamstow, the wife of James Greig, jun., of a daughter.

**KELLY**—On July 9, at "The Kyles," Sutton, Surrey, the wife of William Kelly, of a son.

**LEACH**—On July 9, at 26, Alexandra-road, Liverpool, the wife of Harold Leach, of a son.

**STEPHENSON**—On July 9, at Carrook, Mallow, Co. Cork, the wife of Lieutenant Gilbert O. Stephenson, R.N., of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

**BLUMBERG-LANE**—On July 4, at Fornsburg Church, Boscawen, by the Rev. H. M. Price, M.A., Herbert Edward Blumberg, Captain and Adjutant R.M.L.I., eldest son of the late Capt. F. W. Blumberg, 17th Lancers, to Eliza Lane, widow of the late F. Cecil Lane, Esq., of Plymouth.

**DALDY-MELVILLE**—On the 9th inst., at St. Mary Abbeys Church, Kensington, by the Lord Bishop of Peterborough, assisted by the Rev. Canon Pennafather, Frederick Francis Melville, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to Elizabeth Violet Francis, eldest daughter of the late Judge Melville, of Hatfield, Grove, Sussex, and Mrs. Melville, of 8, Argyll-road, Kensington.

**EASONS-FREEMAN**—On July 9, at St. Mark's Church, Brighton, by the Rev. A. Morgan, M.A., Robert Eason, to Ethel Mary Freeman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Freeman, of 39, Eaton-place, Brighton.

**PAYNE-COLLINGS**—On the 6th inst., at Havreize Church, Exeter, by the Rev. T. J. Porting, Herbert Gerald, second son of G. H. Payne, St. Faith's-road, West Norwood, to Gertrude, youngest daughter of J. A. Collings, J.P., of Holnicote, Exeter. South African papers, please copy.

**WALSH-BENGER**—On the 9th inst., at St. Peter's Church, Leigham Court-road, Streatham, by the Vicar, the Rev. E. Jervis, M.A., Frederick Leopold Morris Walsh, only son of Mr. Frederick Walsh, of James Park, Croydon (formerly of Moscow), to Katherine, younger daughter of Alfred Benger, of Valley-road, Streatham.

## DEATHS.

**BLISSARD**—On July 9, at 9, Victoria-square, Reading, the Rev. John Charles Blissard, for many years Vicar of St. Augustine's, Edgimston, and Rural Dean of Birmingham, aged 65.

**MIDDLETON**—On the 9th inst., at Woolpit, Suffolk, Wilhelmina Ann, the wife of John Lyle Middleton, and youngest child of the late Hon. James Stewart (22nd Regiment, of Sharps), Jamaica, West Indies, aged 59 years.

**PATRY**—On Saturday, the 9th inst., at 182, Holland-road, Kensington, Isabel, the widow of the late Robert Stephen Patry, aged 73. Service at St. Barnabas's Church, Addison-road, at 10.30 a.m. to-day, 12th inst.

**PHYRICK**—On July 9, 1904, at her residence, 13, Laanark-villas, Maida-vaile, Louise, youngest daughter of the late E. G. Phyrick, Esq., after a very brief illness, aged 22 years. Fondly beloved.

## PERSONAL.

**ROSE**—Dearest on earth, thinking of you—VIOLET.

**TODDLEROFF**—Where going, 21st, who with? Write—INSOME.

**KINDLY** sign appointment Red and White—SCARLET RUNNER.

**KING**—Have removed to ninety-seven, same road and town. Come, or write at once. Urgent. Am alone.

**QUEEN**.

**IF** Signor Enrico Brenelli will communicate with Mr. Gordon, solicitor, 23, Fort-street, Edinburgh, he will hear of something big and advantageous.

**CHARLES FREDERIC MANSBRIDGE**—Alive 1877. Information about desired by H. J. B., care of King, Wigs, and Co., solicitors, 11, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. Reward.

**J. D. SIMKIN**, deceased, late of Dalton, London. Should this come to the notice of either of the children, they can hear of something big and advantageous by applying to W. R. Simkin, 65, North Hill, Colchester.

**HOW** to make 302, weekly—A home-side scheme enabling you to earn money in your spare time, and start a business which will bring in a steady income; no capital required to start; full particulars can be obtained free from the Manager, 24, Tudor-st., E.C.

**LOST**, July 8, neighbourhood Holborn, gold Locket, containing portrait and hair. 10s. Reward—41, Barnard-street, Russell-square.

\* \* \* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 6 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with post office order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 2d. per word after—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., London.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** LADY FLIRT. Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOODS. LAST MATINEE TO-MORROW (Wednesday), at 2.30.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.** MR. LEWIS WALKER. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 8. MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 3. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. 100TH PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW (Wednesday). Preceded at 8.15 by THE PASSWORD.

**SHAFTESBURY.** EVERY EVENING AT 8.15. Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in THE PRINCE OF PISEN. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. LAST 4 NIGHTS. FINAL AND 100TH PERFORMANCE, FRIDAY NEXT, AT 8. SATURDAY TO MONDAY, AT 9. By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. At 8.30, "OP' ME THUMB," by F. Fenn and R. Pryce.

**THE OXFORD.**—HACKENSCHMIDT (at 10.15). LONEY HASKELL, the famous American Monologist; VESTA TILLEY, Geo. Mount, Clark, and Hamilton, Vesta Victoria, 5 Dancers, Tom Fry and Co. Sisters Devona, and other stars. Open 7.30. Box Office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES AT 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.** TO-DAY. GREAT SPECTACULAR EXHIBITION. IN THEATRE, AT 4.0 AND 8.0. ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD. Sir Hiram Maxim's Captive Plying Machine. Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, C.P. Military Band, Water Color, Exotic Topsy-Turvy, Hot & Cold, and other Attractions. FIREWORKS THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, 9.15. By MISSIS C. T. BRECKENRIDGE. Table d'hôte, Lunches and Dinners in the New Dining-rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers, by appointment.

**THE CHARING CROSS BANK.** Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st. Within, E.C. London, and 23, Bedford-st., Charing Cross, W.C. Assets, £597,790. Liabilities, £355,680. Surplus, £242,110. 2s. per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as usual. Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 2 p.c. per annum. Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminal Deposit Bonds may be sent by prospectus, and are a safe investment. Write for call for prospectus. A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly to variable gusty breezes; fine and very warm to close and thundery, with some local storms in the south.

Lighting-up time: 9.12 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth in the north and west, moderate in the east and south.

## THE WAR.

Secrecy marks the progress of events in the war zone, and beyond the actual announcement of the capture of Kaiping by the Japanese, there are few definite details to hand. In the four days' fighting the Russians had 200 casualties.—(Page 3.)

There is practically continuous fighting at Port Arthur, and on the 8th the Russians had 1,700 casualties, with more to come.—The Russian fleet made a sortie, but were driven back.—(Page 3.)

## GENERAL.

The Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday drove to the City-road to open the Queen Victoria Hall of the New Wesleyan Mission building.—(Page 13.)

The Kaiser has commissioned Herreshoff, of New York, to build him a new racing yacht, which must be faster than the Ingomar.—(Page 4.)

Oswestry is now quite in the throes of the election campaign, the two candidates, Mr. Bridgeman (C.) and Mr. Bright (L.), having got to work in earnest.—(Page 4.)

Lieutenant John Duncan Grant, of the 8th Shuras, was the hero of the storming of the Gyangise Gung. He was the first through the breach, but was severely injured.—(Page 5.)

Many Mirror readers write to say they believe Mr. Maybrick was guilty. Their mistaken impressions of the evidence have been corrected.—(Page 4.)

Save animals belonging to Bostock's Menagerie terrified the passengers during the voyage of the Minnetonka from New York to Tilbury. A leopard broke loose, and many of the other wild beasts got out of control.—(Page 4.)

The deadly Colorado potato beetle has been found in Hereford.—(Page 4.)

The Princess of Chimay, now in London, indignantly denies she has married a red-nosed Dutchman. Her latest husband is an Italian station-master, "a model of manly beauty."—(Page 3.)

Sir William Treloar and a deputation were promised by the Thames Conservancy that the racing of river steamers would be put a stop to.—(Page 5.)

Interesting light is thrown on Sir Charles Eliot's sensational resignation of the post of High Commissioner for East Africa by the correspondence between the Prince and Lord Lansdowne.—(Page 4.)

Captain Deasy, back in London, described his sensational motor tour in the Alps and his thrilling escape from death to a Mirror representative.—(Page 13.)

The advisability of licensing servants' registry offices and employment agencies will be considered by the London County Council this afternoon.—(Page 5.)

Officers of the German fleet now at Plymouth were upset that no one yesterday visited their men-of-war. The Devonians did not know they had been invited to do so.—(Page 3.)

Though the cool breeze kept the shade temperature reasonable yesterday the thermometer registered 126 in the sun.—(Page 3.)

## LAW AND CRIME.

Charged with the murder of his employer, Councillor Lowes, of Durham, the apprentice, Robert John Allen, made a terrible confession of a fight with an iron bar.—(Page 5.)

Eight marriages, including those of an actor, a sailor, and a soldier, were dissolved in two hours by Mr. Justice Barnes.—(Page 5.)

For leaving hotels with bills unpaid Adelaide Gifford, who had posed as the Hon. Mrs. Gifford, was charged at Bow-street, and remanded, bail being granted in two sureties of £250 each.—(Page 5.)

Judge Addison, of the Southwark County Court, intends to do his best to stamp out the evil of moneylenders' women touts in poor districts.—(Page 5.)

## SPORT.

Percy Perrin and the Rev. F. H. Gillingham both scored centuries for Essex against Middlesex at Lord's. Scoring was heavy in all matches but those at Tunbridge Wells and Birmingham.—(Page 15.)

The Newmarket Second July Meeting commences to-day. Prior to racing the bloodstock sales will take place.—(Page 14.)

## FINANCE.

The Stock Exchange opened satisfactorily, but closed rather dull, as it was the last day of the account. Consols were a little lower, Home Rails were uncertain. Forced liquidations depressed South Africans, but leading shares rallied at the finish.—(Page 6.)

£100

GIVEN  
AWAY  
BY ..

## "ANSWERS"

IN ITS

PHYSICAL  
CULTURE  
CONTEST.

Full Particulars in

## "ANSWERS"

TO-DAY

## HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

## Auctions.

"FREE TICKETS TO VIEW."  
HILDEBY PARK ESTATE.  
CANVEY-ON-SEA, ESSEX.

W. B. HESTER has received instructions from the Vendor to SELL in the WINTER GARDENS SALE ROOM, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY NEXT, 2 o'clock sharp, 100 Lots of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND, at a nominal reserve only. Also a few main road Shop Plots. Electric Tramway from Pier to Benfleet Station nearly complete. Splendid opportunity to come down and see for yourself.

Trains leave Fenchurch-street Station, 10.40 morning of sale. Clerk at barrier No. 4 platform to issue tickets. Further particulars, Auctioneer, 145, Fenchurch-st., E.C.

"EVERY LOT BOLD ON THE FIRST AND SECOND SECTIONS."  
TWO SUCCESSFUL SALES HELD ON THE THIRD SECTION.

NEWHAVEN-ON-SEA.  
MOUNT PLEASANT ESTATE, close to station, harbour, and pier; grand views of the sea and surrounding country. Main Brighton Road.

MESSRS. PROTHOROE AND MORRIS will offer 150 Lots of FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND in Margate on the Estate on MONDAY, July 18, at 2 p.m. Roads free; no title, land tax, or law costs, possession on payment of 10 per cent. deposit; easy terms for desired; plan, etc. (and with return railway ticket fee) of the Vendor, Mr. F. G. Hodgson, 6 and 7, King William-st., E.C.

## Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

EACH Quarter's Rent paid by you may be made a step towards ownership. If this seems desirable to you buy 2 p.c. for further particulars to W. W. Becham, Esq., 22, Bishopsgate-without, London, E.C. Mention "Daily Mirror."

## Flats to Let.

FURNISHED FLAT: 3 rooms; gas, water; quiet; 12s. 6d.; also large bed-sitting-room—35, Guildford-st., Strand, Stockwell.

## Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

TWO Motorists and Others—Stylish detached Villa to be sold, freshened, £1,500; situated close to river, and one of the most picturesque reaches on the Thames; eight minutes from station; good main service. The house contains 9 large rooms, in addition to scullery and bathroom, which is fitted with nickel-plated shower and latest improvements; a large glass annex, which can be used as a full-sized billiard-room or conservatory; also motorcar house, with properly-constructed pit, etc.; the house will be finished in a high-class manner to suit purchaser. Apply Chas. Drake, Builder, "Valenza," Kingston-lane, Teddington.

## EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate—Founded 94 years—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen. Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.E.K.E. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys under 15. 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

## BUSINESSES FOR SALE &amp; WANTED.

LUNCHON and Tea Rooms; excellent position near J. Bank; fitted with electric light and every convenience; lease, fixtures, etc., all at £25; must be sold at once, owing to illness—Knowley, 8, Colney-pl., Southampton-row, W.C.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 16.

You certainly know the inestimable value of a

## FOUNTAIN PEN.

It takes up only a very little corner of your vest pocket—always clean and ready for you wherever you may be when you want it—in the office, at home, on the train—anywhere. The "Daily Mirror" is being advertised by the sale of a perfect Fountain Pen for

## HALF-A-CROWN,

made of the best vulcanite, exquisitely chased; with two neatly engraved bands, fed with a twin feed, packed in box with glass and rubber ink-filler, with full directions for use.

The "DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN in 3 sizes of Pen Nibs, FINE, MEDIUM, BROAD.

State Plainly on Coupon which style you prefer.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to PEN DEPARTMENT,

The "Daily Mirror,"

2, Carnarvon Street, London, E.C.

I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send "D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NIB.....

SEND SIXPENCE MORE and we will also send you a PEN POCKET CASE. You may purchase the pen at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond Street, W.



## VICTIMS OF THE HEAT WAVE.

### The Abnormal Temperature Causes Many Deaths.

126 IN THE SUN.

### Underground Railways a Stifling Inferno, But Cool Breezes in the Streets.

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE	YESTERDAY.
Sun.	Shade.
126 deg.	80 deg.

Although Saturday was the hottest day of the present year, a higher temperature was yesterday recorded in the sun.

It was only the cool breeze that made London bearable, and kept the shade temperature within reasonable bounds.

Messrs. Negretti and Zambra supply the following interesting statistics of the maximum solar temperatures during each of the past seven days:—

Tuesday	78 deg.	Saturday	120 deg.
Wednesday	120 deg.	Sunday	126 deg.
Thursday	84 deg.	Yesterday	126 deg.
Friday	122 deg.		

A continuance of yesterday's burning sun and cooling breeze are promised for to-day.

There are, however, signs of local disturbance in the Bay of Biscay which may lead to a violent thunderstorm within the next day or two.

#### LOOKING FOR COOL CORNERS.

In the meantime, it is interesting to find that London has a few cool corners, as a *Mirror* reporter, who was armed with a thermometer supplied by a well-known firm, yesterday discovered.

A start was made at mid-day for Blackfriars Station. On the pavement the thermometer had registered 76 deg., but after ten minutes had been spent below it reached 85 deg. In another five minutes it was hovering between 87 deg. and 88 deg.

In the transept of St. Paul's Cathedral it reached 88 deg.—its lowest point for the day. In the Post Office tube station it marked 70 deg.

At Moorgate-street Station, on the Metropolitan line, the temperature was 78 deg., but during a wait at Gower-street the nimble mercury mounted to 84 deg.

#### OMNIBUS TEMPERATURES.

During an omnibus ride—inside, and on the shady side—to Camden Town and back to Oxford-circuit, the glass showed 80 deg.

Down in the Tube again at Oxford-circuit, where the temperature was 71 deg. Then another omnibus ride to the Bank, inside the vehicle, and on the sunny side. At its completion the glass showed only 92 deg., but it felt hotter than that.

In the smoking-room of a tea-shop it was 79 deg., and under the shade of the trees in St. Paul's Churchyard only 75 deg.

#### WITHIN THE RADIUS.

Heat Belt Encircling the Thames and Severn Valleys.

The striking feature of the present spell of hot weather is that with light winds from the east, south-east, and north-east, and with almost cloudless skies, England boasts a heat-belt.

From the mouth of the Thames away to the West, where the Severn flows into the Bristol Channel, lies a great heat zone, in which, during the past few days the maximum shade temperature has been at least 3 degrees more than elsewhere.

There may be isolated spots where comparative coolness reigns, even in this sweltering region, but, generally speaking, the people of London, Oxford, Bath, and Weston-super-Mare fare alike as regards temperature.

Along the South Coast, from Land's End to Brighton, is the next hottest region. Near the sea high temperatures are easier to bear than inland, but with winds from the east and north-east, blowing that is, off the land, the South Coast can be very warm indeed.

#### TURNING THE CORNER.

The moment you turn the south-east corner of England, and the breeze comes off the sea, you feel cooler. A glance at the map on page 1 will show that eastwards from Brighton along the coast a cooler line is entered; and this continues right up the coast line.

A comparison of this with the western coasts will at once reveal the fact that it was only the presence of the sea that protected Liverpool and Pembroke from suffering like London.

North of the great heat-belt, across the Midlands,

the maximum shade temperature is less by nearly eight degrees.

Those to whom a few degrees make all the difference between torture and comfort are recommended to betake themselves to the East Coast. Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer are probably the most comfortable parts of the country just now.

#### GREAT DEMAND FOR ICE.

There is an enormous demand for iced drinks. Huge bowls of claret cup and iced "gin and ginger-beer" are most popular at City restaurants. Iced coffee is supplied at a few of the old-fashioned refreshment bars.

The demand for artificial and natural ice is so great that the merchants have the greatest difficulty in executing the orders.

#### HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Several Harley-street specialists yesterday answered the important question of "How to keep cool."

Each echoed the other's advice—"Dress in clothes made of light woollen materials and avoid cotton underclothing."

Light foods, saline drinks, loose collars, and light and broad-brimmed hats will go a long way towards warding off heat apoplexy in persons predisposed to attacks.

The best of all remedies is to get away from the hurry and bustle of City life, and the broiling surface of the wood pavements, to cool pine forests or breezy seaside resorts.

#### VICTIMS OF THE HEAT.

##### Increasing Death Roll—Fires and Drought.

The number of heat seizures is increasing every day. Yesterday morning no less than three deaths attributable to heat were reported to the Lancaster coroner.

At Worcester a Norfolk printer, named Chapman, who was on a visit to the town, jumped from an attic window after complaining of the heat. The resultant injuries proved fatal.

On Saturday a stockman, named Charles Little, died suddenly in the fields at Mountnessing, in Essex, as a result of the heat.

The Rev. Mr. Sweetenham, Protestant curate of Tramore, while walking his bicycle up a hill yesterday afternoon, suddenly fell down dead.

The week-end bathing fatalities have proved exceedingly numerous. Most of them were youths or young men, as the following list shows:—

Truro	John Holloway (14)
Blackpool	Edgar Helms (17)
Walsley-Dale	John Parker (17)
Chippingham	Ernest Darling (22)
Chatterfield	Henry Shaw (18)
Bedworth	Bertie Marson (17)
Christchurch	Ernest Elliott (boy)
Coseley	James Ellwell (boy)
Bally Castle	Taggart (17)

Several fires have occurred during the past few days owing, it is supposed, to the rays of the sun being focussed through pieces of glass and igniting the grass.

#### FIRE AT NEWMARKET.

One such fire broke out yesterday near Stanley House, Newmarket, but was fortunately extinguished before any serious damage was done.

Yesterday was the hottest day of the year at Newmarket, the thermometer showing 83 deg. The halless brigade has been completely disconcerted by the heat, and no halless men are now seen in the streets.

The Margate influx is daily increasing, and at a moderate estimate the visitors number 20,000. The glass showed 85 deg. at Liverpool yesterday, this being the hottest day of the year.

#### THREE CHILDREN DROWNED.

A telegram from Boness reports that three children named, respectively, Robert Blair, four; William Forbes, six; Maggie Forbes, four; were drowned within a few yards of the shore at Bridgehead yesterday afternoon.

They had gone down to the beach unattended, and, launching a punt, drifted out. Taking fright they scrambled out of the boat and were drowned.

The body of Blair was seen floating, and was recovered. The clothing of the other children was found in the boat, but there was no trace of the bodies.

#### ALIENS TO BE DEALT WITH.

Mr. Balfour, in answering a question in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon, said from what he could hear the Aliens Bill had received treatment which would make it absolutely impossible for it to pass into law this session.

But, he added, the Government would certainly attempt to deal with the subject early next session. And this statement was received with loud Ministerial cheers.

He refused to say that a Redistribution Bill would be brought in next session, but assured the questioner that it was a subject which had engaged the earnest attention of the Government.

Replying to a query of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman on the Army question, the Prime Minister said the Secretary of State for War would be able to make his statement on Thursday.

## KILLED BY AN OAR.

### Rash Officer in a Terrible Predicament.

#### VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER.

"Manslaughter under great provocation."

This was the verdict returned last evening as the result of a coroner's inquiry into the extraordinary affair on the River Ouse near Bedford on Saturday, when a boy named Sydney Oakens was accidentally killed by Captain Ormonde Winter, of the Royal Field Artillery.

The evidence showed that Captain Winter and another pupil at a military school at Bedford went boating to Kempston on Saturday.

They left the boat at the mill, and while they were absent some boys took possession and went for a row. On returning and finding Captain Winter waiting, they rowed to the other side of the river, another boy bringing the boat back.

Captain Winter then rowed off with the shoes of two of the boys, who, with others, followed for a quarter of a mile, pelling the boat all the way. At length Captain Winter landed, carrying a scull, which he swung round to drive back the boys, who were advancing on him.

Oakens was in front, and, as he stooped to avoid the scull, it caught him on the neck, fracturing the base of the skull, causing instant death.

Captain Winter was overwhelmed with grief, and subsequently sent a sympathetic letter to the parents, offering to pay the funeral expenses.

One boy-witness admitted that Captain Winter did not mean to hurt the boy, but only to drive him back.

Captain Winter, who was present at the inquest, but did not offer himself as a witness, has been released on bail. He will appear at the police-court to-day.

## THE SILENT WAR.

### Profound Secrecy Preserved by Both Combatants.

What exactly is going on in the East? Not even the experts can tell.

On both sides the position is evidently felt to be so critical that information is being withheld by design.

The Japanese only report achieved successes in the briefest and most laconic way, while Russian official dispatches are filled with numerous unintelligible names of places not to be found on any map.

Marchings and counter-marchings are painfully recorded, but no definite results are announced, beyond gradual retirements before the Japanese, and occasionally the casual killing of a Cossack.

At present the position appears to be that General Oka is advancing from Kaiping along both sides of the railway towards Newchwang. General Kurapatkin and General Stuckelberg are believed to be near that place, but General Nodzu from the east, and General Kuroki from the north-east, appear to be in a position to descend at any moment on the railway and cut General Kurapatkin's communications in his rear.

To add to General Kurapatkin's danger, it is believed he is greatly hampered by floods in the vicinity of the railway, and his only hope is to try and stave off the Japanese advance until the real rainy season sets in and temporarily suspends operations.

#### PORT ARTHUR SIEGE.

From midnight on Sunday until three o'clock yesterday morning heavy firing was heard at Port Arthur.

On July 8 the Russians admit having had over 1,700 casualties, and many more are to come.

One Russian correspondent says that the Russian losses "strike at the hearts of our countrymen."

General Sakharoff says in the fighting before Kaiping the Russians had 200 killed and wounded.

Heavy rains have flooded Liaoyang during the last ten days, and the streets and squares are transformed into lakes, while the roads are like swamps.

#### RUSSIA COMPLAINS OF ATTACHES.

Paris, Monday. A telegram from Berne to the "Temps" says Colonel Andouin and Captain Barbet, the Swiss military attaches with the Russians in Manchuria, have been recalled at the request of the Russian Government.

The colonel is stated to have made remarks at Liaoyang which were considered offensive to the Russian Army. This news has caused a profound sensation, as Colonel Andouin is known as an officer of great discretion.—Reuter.

#### REAL SARDINES ONCE MORE.

Paris, Monday. Sardines have reappeared in large shoals on the coast of Brittany, to the great joy of the fishermen, who feared, after last year's scarcity, that the fish had gone for ever.—Laffan.

## PRINCESS'S ROMANCE.

### Married to an Apollo-like Station- Master.

#### MODEL OF MANLY BEAUTY.

The Princess de Chimay, who is now in London, is hurt at the newspaper story from Paris that her latest lover is a red-nosed Dutchman, named Hoop.

Such an imputation she regards as most offensive—as a libel on her good taste. Was it for such a horror in masculine shape that she deserted her husband, and left the fine-looking Hungarian, Rigo?

The Princess, in repudiation of this scandalous tale, lets out the truth of her last romance.

It is not this horrible Dutchman, she says, whom she has married, but an Italian gentleman, Signor Ricciardi, of Naples. He is twenty-five years old, and "about the most divine model of manly beauty even an artist could desire."

He and the Princess were married three weeks ago. The happy husband was formerly station-master at Vesuvius, where the Princess met him.

The Princess, it is interesting to note, is in London on a very delicate mission. She is undergoing a course of beauty culture at the hands of an experienced artist, Madame de Medici, of 129, Bond-street.

## THE GERMAN ARMADA.

### Why the Admiral Was Disappointed with Devonport.

Through English "enterprise" not being equal to the German the officers of the German fleet stationed in Plymouth Harbour were disappointed yesterday.

It appears that Admiral von Koester had told off a number of officers to show any English visitors who might care to visit the ships over them. But no invitation to visitors was made public, and consequently, although hundreds of boats put off and rowed and steamed round the German war vessels, no one attempted to set foot on them.

The German officers were upset by what they took for aloofness on the part of the English. Had visitors called uninvited—as the German fleet is doing at Plymouth—all would have doubtless been well.

#### GERMAN OFFICERS INSPECT DOCKYARD.

However, the Admiral's desire that any visitors should be welcomed has now been made known, and this little drawback to the fleet's happiness will probably be removed.

Yesterday morning Admiral von Koester paid official visits to the Mayors of Plymouth and Devonport, and the chairman of the Stonehouse District Council. These over he and 150 officers proceeded to the official residence of Rear-Admiral W. H. Henderson, the Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, where they were received by that officer and Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour.

Then, conducted by a number of English naval officers, they were shown over the dockyard, where they saw the battleships *Hibernia* and *King Edward VII.* They inspected some naval cadets at work, and going up the harbour in launches saw the *Defiance*, torpedo school ship.

In the afternoon they visited Mount Edgcumbe, the beautiful home of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and in the evening Admirals Seymour and Henderson entertained the visitors at dinner.

#### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ADVICE.

Replying to a correspondent, who asked Mr. Chamberlain whether he could vote for a Unionist candidate, seeing that he was unable to support either Mr. Chamberlain's or Mr. Balfour's fiscal policy.

Mr. Chamberlain says he sees no inconsistency in a gentleman who expresses such opinions voting for a Unionist candidate.

"It has never been expected of anyone," adds the right hon. gentleman, "that he should be in entire agreement with every item of a party policy," but he does not think that many Unionists share his correspondent's views.

Mr. Chamberlain was entertained at lunch at the Constitutional Club yesterday by Mr. Alfred Moseley, C.M.G., to meet Mr. Donald MacMaster, the leader of the Canadian Bar, and Principal Peterson, of McGill University, Montreal.

#### ANARCHISTS AND LORD MILNER.

JOHANNESBURG, Monday.

As the result of the investigation of the alleged plot against Lord Milner, in connection with which three supposed Anarchists were arrested last month, one of the men has been deported.—Reuter.

For driving a motor-car to the common danger at Croydon, George Alexander, of Cromwell-road, S.W., was fined £5 and £3 13s. costs.



## THE WORLD AND A WOMAN.

Readers Who Believe Mrs.  
Maybrick Was Guilty.

### POINTS NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Every post brings to the *Mirror* office letters on the Maybrick case. Correspondents are by no means all of one mind.

Many candidly assert their belief in Mrs. Maybrick's guilt; a fair proportion are disposed to give her the benefit of the admitted doubt; and the rest agree with the late Lord Russell of Killowen in declaring for her innocence.

Newspaper readers belonging to the younger generation, who know nothing of the great poisoning trial, express the wish that the whole story will be retold.

Some of their seniors, too, who have forgotten much of the evidence, write to say they would greatly like to read the trial again.

The letters published to-day are mostly hostile, and we have been obliged to correct certain mistaken impressions of the evidence.

#### Mistake About the Flypapers.

My recollection of the extraordinary Maybrick case is still quite vivid. There was overwhelming circumstantial evidence against the prisoner.

What about the arsenic in solution found in the meat juice? It was proved that this was extracted from the flypapers, which, she said, she bought for the purpose of preparing a cosmetic.

Liverpool.

THOMAS MCANN.

[The analysts stated that the arsenic could not have been taken from the flypapers, inasmuch as no fibres of the paper were found by microscopic inspection. These fibres must have been present in arsenic obtained from flypapers by soaking.—Ed. *Daily Mirror*.]

#### Mrs. Maybrick's Twenty-four Hours' Swoon

In your Maybrick articles you have not yet made any reference to the fact that Mrs. Maybrick was guilty of misconduct with a certain Mr. Brierley. Her judge found a motive for murder in this infidelity.

So do I, and so will thousands more. She wished to get her husband out of the way, and neglected him in his last illness.

Bromley.

CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

[Mrs. Maybrick was her husband's constant nurse till she was deposed by orders of her husband's brother. When her husband died, she lay in a speechless swoon for twenty-four hours. Would a callous, plotting murderess have been so overcome?—Ed. *Daily Mirror*.]

#### The "Sick Unto Death" Letter.

The damning point against Mrs. Maybrick was that she was carrying on with a lover, to whom she wrote a letter asking him not to leave the country, as nothing had been discovered, and her husband "was sick unto death."

If that did not mean she was poisoning him, and that he would soon be out of the way, with every prospect of her being able to join her lover, what on earth did it mean?

I have no desire to unduly punish a woman, or to prevent her beginning life again with as clean a record as can possibly be established for her, but I do object to efforts being made to prove that she is "as pure as snow." That was tried fifteen years ago, without success.

Harlesden.

JAMES TENNANT.

[The fact remains that sufficient arsenic was not found in the body of James Maybrick to account for his death from that cause.—Ed. *Daily Mirror*.]

#### The First Suspicion.

Arsenic was found in James Maybrick's stomach after death. Who gave it to him, if it was not Mrs. Maybrick? Why was it that Alice Yapp said, "Miss Mist is poisoning master and has flypapers"?

Servant girls may occasionally talk and act indiscreetly, but they do not surely go so far as to put up a charge of murder against their mistresses without good reason.

[Arsenic was not found in the deceased's stomach, but in his liver. Four years previously there was a case in Liverpool of poisoning by extracting arsenic from flypapers. Alice Yapp may have been thinking of it.—Ed. *Daily Mirror*.]

#### A Reasonable Request.

As one who was not reading criminal trials in 1889, I am at once interested and puzzled by these articles about Lord Russell's battle for Mrs. Maybrick.

I would like to read a full account of the case that created such a stir in the country fifteen years ago.

Chelsea.

YOUNGER GENERATION.

## CHASED BY A LEOPARD.

Savage Animals Run Wild on  
a Liner.

The crew of the Minnetonka steamship, which arrived at Tilbury yesterday, have an exciting tale to tell of their outward voyage to New York.

Besides some 150 passengers, there were on board sixty wild beasts, belonging to Bostock, the showman, of Coney Island.

It was the hyenas who began the trouble, "one of the crew told a *Mirror* representative. "Two of these beasts were in a cage with an enormous black bear, and about 12 o'clock one night they got up a fight.

The lions roared, elephants trumpeted, and soon every passenger in the ship was awake listening to the fearful din.

"Five keepers hurried to the scene, carrying iron bars. Two keepers took a hyena each, leaving three to the bear. After a struggle lasting about half an hour, the bear was separated from his companions and put in a cage by himself.

#### Boy's Plucky Act.

"Excited by the noise, one of the leopards then managed to break loose. Nobody spotted him for a time, and then a steward suddenly fell yelling, with the leopard in hot pursuit. Several keepers dared not tackle him, but a lad of seventeen, whose particular charge this leopard was, with a red-hot iron bar, beat the brute heavily across the shoulders, and at the same time he ordered it, in a loud voice, to return to its cage.

"For a moment everyone held their breath, expecting to see the lad sprung upon. The leopard hesitated, growled angrily, and then, much to everyone's relief, turned tail, and slunk away like a dog in its kennel.

"Another day a little girl, who was being shown round the cages, got too close to this same leopard, and was clawed by the shoulder. Before the terrified man who was with her could get help, practically every shred of clothing had been torn off her back, and her thigh gashed to the knee. She was taken to hospital, but what happened to her we never heard."

## POTATO SCOURGE IN ENGLAND.

Deadly Colorado Beetle Found in  
Herefordshire.

Potato growers and others interested in agriculture are alarmed by the reported appearance of the dreaded Colorado beetle in Hereford.

How the scare began forms a curious story. The other day a lady called at the Free Library at Hereford and asked to see the librarian.

That gentleman being at lunch, the library boy asked her to explain her business. She thereupon took from her pocket a small packet and left it, explaining she had found two Colorado beetles. The librarian sent them to the authorities, and subsequent examination showed that one beetle was dead and the other alive, but the alarming fact about the living specimen was that it was quite a young one—recently hatched.

It may be, of course, that the lady has played a practical joke on the librarian, but this lady is wanted.

It is all important that the authorities should know where she obtained these pests from, and every effort is being made to trace her. Under a special Act of Parliament designed to exterminate this pest, it is important to remember that if a beetle is taken alive it must be immediately killed under a penalty of £10.

The finder is also bound to inform a policeman, who has to communicate with the local authority, which has to apprise the Board of Agriculture by telegraph. Scientists and experts are immediately to be dispatched to the scene of the capture, and strenuous efforts made to blot out the pest.

#### PRINCE IN AN OBSOLETE HAT.

People are wondering why the Prince of Wales wore a white "top-hat" at the Orphanage Fund garden party on Friday. Such hats have long been accounted obsolete. It is a relic of mid-Victorian Derby days. But, although royalty has privileges, it is not probable that the white top-hat will again become fashionable.

"White bowler hats are popular because they are light and do not attract the sun," said the manager of a firm of hatters yesterday. "But the white top-hat is heavy and uncomfortable. We have practically no demand for them."

## OPENING OF BISLEY RIFLE MEETING.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

BISLEY CAMP, Monday Evening.

Thus early in the meeting there is little to chronicle of interest, but men in camp are looking forward to the decision of the council in regard to the Palma Trophy, which has been returned to Great Britain by the United States. The council will take the matter into consideration to-morrow.

At half-past five shooting commenced for the Waldegrave, open to all comers with match rifles. The light was good, and some excellent shooting was witnessed.

Two lady rifle shots will take part in some of the open competitions.

## KING'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Thrilling Possibilities of the Bath  
Road Motor Outrage.

On the charge of placing a wire across the Great Bath-road with the intention of injuring Mr. Partridge, of the Automobile Club, a labourer named William Austin, of Chippenham, was committed for trial by the Beconsfield magistrates yesterday.

Mr. G. H. Charsley, who prosecuted on behalf of the Crown, mentioned a thrilling possibility of the attempt. "On this particular Sunday," he told the Bench, the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, the Prime Minister, and others, went at night to visit Taplow Court from Windsor, and they returned along the Bath-road. I do not suggest that the prisoner knew anything about that, but mention it to show what a terrible calamity might have happened."

Mr. Partridge, who is a young engineer, told the story of his escape. "Two or three hundred yards past the Two Mile Brook," ran his evidence, "I suddenly saw by the reflection of my lamps a wire stretched across the road. It was a very dark night, and this suddenly flashed on me. I was travelling slowly—about ten or eleven miles an hour—with my foot on the brake. As the wire loomed up I instinctively threw out my hand in self-protection against the wire. There was sufficient sag on the wire to enable me to press it down below the steering wheel. Then there was a smack, the steering wheel was strained, and I saw the wire curl up over the road. It was broken."

## KAISER'S NEW YACHT.

H.I.M. Wants a Faster Racing Boat  
than He Has Owned Yet.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Monday.

The new yacht which Kaiser Wilhelm has ordered in this country is to be built by Herreshoff, and will call forth the famous designer's biggest efforts.

It was he who was responsible for the Ingomar, which beat the Kaiser's Meteor III. Now the Imperial request is for a boat that will be faster than the Ingomar.

In fact, Meteor IV., if the Emperor has his way, will be one of the very speediest racers afloat.

## COSMOPOLITAN CHILD.

How "T. P." Solved a Perplexing  
Problem.

To-day the most cosmopolitan Irishman in the world celebrates his third birthday by giving a tea-party to his Anglo-Saxon friends. The infant in question is known in London musical and artistic circles as "T. P.'s Irishman."

When Camillo di Righini, the charming child of an equally charming mother—Madame Ella Russell—was born, his parents were in great doubt as to his nationality, for he first saw daylight in no land, and was connected by ancestry and birth with no fewer than nine countries.

Little Camillo was born two days out from New York, on the Konigin Louise, under the German flag. His mother was an American, his father, the Count di Righini, a pure Italian.

On her father's side, Madame Ella Russell's grandfather was Irish and her grandmother Scotch, whereas her maternal grandfather was Welsh and her maternal grandmother Austrian.

To add to these complications, Camillo's birth was registered, according to law, at the first port of call, which happened to be Cherbourg, France, and the child was first taken ashore at Southampton.

What was the nationality of this little Italian-American-Irish-Scotch-Welsh-Austrian-German-French-English infant?

This profound problem for a long time perplexed all Madame Russell's friends and acquaintances, until the singer at last had the good fortune to consult Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who without a moment's hesitation pronounced the verdict: "Why, as a course, he's a son of Old Ireland!"

A portrait of this interesting child appears on page 8.

#### MAJORITY REDUCED TO 41.

On the Licensing Bill in Committee in the House of Commons last night a short discussion was raised on the principle of the time-limit. Sir William Houldsworth moving from the Unionist side an amendment which would limit full compensation to fourteen years and permit modified compensation thereafter.

It was with the "profoundest regret" that Mr. Balfour felt compelled to decline this proposal on the ground that it was impractical and would mar the scheme of the Bill.

Thirty Unionists went into the lobby against the Government, and the Irishmen for once "whipped" for the amendment and gave the Opposition forty votes. Five Nationalists voted with the Government, and the majority was brought down to forty-one, as compared with fifty-five when the question was raised before.

At 12.30 progress was reported.

## FOREIGN OFFICE SCANDAL.

Pro-Consul's Quarrel with  
Lord Lansdowne.

### SPIRITED CORRESPONDENCE

It will be remembered how a few weeks ago a sensation was caused by the resignation of Sir Charles Eliot, one of the ablest of England's Colonial representatives.

Sir Charles threw up his position as High Commissioner for East Africa on account of a disagreement with the Marquis of Lansdowne, the dispute arising over the concession of 500 square miles of the Protectorate to the East African Syndicate. This tract belonged to the Masai tribe.

Sir Charles objected to the concession being made, while, on the other hand, Lord Lansdowne raised difficulties to a concession of fifty or a hundred miles, which Sir Charles had promised to Messrs. Chamberlain and Flemmer. Sir Charles alleges inept favouritism of the syndicate, and complains that difficulties were placed in the way of white immigrant settlers seeking grants of land.

In his letter announcing his resignation, Sir Charles submits it is impossible for the Commissioner to perform his task properly if the opinions of officers on leave are sent out to him in the form of orders.

#### Frank Views on Natives' Rights.

Sir Charles says he does not believe in paying an exaggerated respect to native rights and claims, and in a dispatch, dated last April, observes:—

"Your lordship has opened this Protectorate to white immigration and colonisation, and I think it is well that in confidential correspondence at least we should face the undoubted issue—viz., that white races black in a very few moves. In spite of all Mr. Jackson's memoranda and all Mr. Wason's questions, there can be no doubt that the Masai and many other tribes must go under. It is a prospect which I view with equanimity and a clear conscience.

"I wish to protect individual Masais, and would go further than your lordship might consider convenient in the way of punishing Europeans who ill-treat natives, but I have no desire to protect Masaidom. It is a beastly bloody system, founded on raiding and immorality, disastrous to both the Masai and their neighbours. The sooner it disappears and is unknown except in books of anthropology the better."

Lord Lansdowne, on his side, maintains that no favour has been shown to anybody in regard to land concessions, and that the subordinates whom he consulted were experts in regard to native affairs, who had been highly praised by Sir Charles himself.

On receiving this dispatch Sir Charles Eliot telegraphed to Lord Lansdowne: "I regret that I am unable to allow you to be closed in this way, and feel compelled to appeal to the public. I will leave by the earliest convenient steamer."

## PUZZLED SALOPIANS.

Oswestry Dazed with Tariff Reform  
and Chinese Labour.

The Liberals have enrolled three powerful motor-cars for the vacant Oswestry seat. The cars gaily decked with red rosettes and ribbons attracted a good deal of attention in Oswestry and Shrewsbury yesterday. So far the Tories have not brought any cars into action.

The local rustics are being fuddled daily with pamphlets containing columns of figures, which cause their eyes to dilate to an abnormal extent in endeavouring to grasp the situation. The Boer War, Chinese Labour, the Education Act, the Alien Bill, the Tax on Bread, and Oppressive Landlords are a few of the questions dealt with.

Groups of the bucolic inhabitants of the county districts may be seen sitting on stiles and gates reading the circulars. Some wonder if Tariff Reform is a new diet for fattening cattle, while others want to know when they are to get the Free Food.

Mr. Bridgeman, the Conservative candidate, and Mr. Bright, the contestant for the Liberals, are stamping the country with their agents, delivering speeches everywhere and promising all kinds of good things for the people at large. Exciting scenes are expected at Oswestry to-morrow, which is market day, when the local farmers come into the town looking for argument.

Local Liberal papers are printing columns about the corn law days of sixty years ago, and what they think about Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters.

## INTERNATIONAL BOWLS.

In the international bowling matches at Glasgow yesterday England defeated Wales by 104 points to 61. The rink scores were:—England: Dr. W. G. Grace 25, Robertson 25, Telford 24, and Johnson 30—total 104; Wales: Pollock 38, Matlock 38, Davies 19, and Thomas 16—total 61.



## QUICK DIVORCES.

### Matrimonial Troubles of Actor, Sailor, and Soldier.

#### EIGHT IN TWO HOURS.

At the average rate of one every quarter of an hour, Mr. Justice Barnes put an end to eight marriages after luncheon yesterday afternoon.

The first interesting petitioner to go into the witness-box was a young man with a pale, intellectual face, long hair, a large tie, and much display of cuffs. Counsel's first question—"You are an actor?"—seemed to be superfluous.

Not only is Mr. Thomas Ernest Flint Heslewood an actor, but in 1899 he chose his wife from that profession also. He introduced her to his friends, theatrical and otherwise, and their married life proceeded smoothly and seemed to be all that could be desired.

About a year after the marriage he brought a young friend of his, named Muspratt, to his home, and his wife courteously made the visitor welcome. Thus Mr. Muspratt became a friend of the family.

That he was a friend to the husband in adversity as well as in prosperity was shown in the year 1903 in the following remarkable way:—

Mrs. Heslewood one evening announced that she was going to pay a visit to a friend at whose house, she said, she might have to stop the night. So Mr. Heslewood was not anxious when the next day found her still away. Several days, however, passed without her returning, and then her husband became very perplexed and worried.

#### False Friend's Duplicity.

It was then that Mr. Muspratt showed his friendship. He came round to Mr. Heslewood's house in Kensington, and made various suggestions for tracing the lost one, and in other ways showed great sympathy.

Mr. Heslewood's disgust was almost equal to his surprise when some time afterwards he discovered that it was this very Mr. Muspratt, who had been so kind with his advice, who had been the instigator of Mrs. Heslewood's going away. He had had the lady under his protection all the time he was suggesting clues and sympathising!

A decree nisi was granted to Mr. Heslewood, Mr. Muspratt being co-respondent.

Quite a breeze of story-book nautical romance blew through the stuffy Court when a blue-jacket whom his friends called "Jack" went into the witness-box to testify against his spouse "Polly." But the "Jack" and "Polly" in question, in spite of the correctness of their names, reversed the conventional order of things in the matter of fidelity to one another.

Jack it was who had "stuck to" Polly, while the latter had failed in her allegiance to poor Jack.

Jack sailed away shortly after his marriage in 1900, and for three years he was on active service, winning a medal in South Africa. Through two summers and winters Polly was true to him, and then a tragedy happened which she afterwards bitterly regretted.

#### Passionate Plea for Forgiveness.

"Dear Jack," she wrote, breaking the sad news to him, "I know you have noticed a difference in my letters since last June. I kept myself as faithful to you during the first two years as any woman could. Then I was oh, so foolish, and I yielded. . . . When I used to write to you I used to have two or three tries because I knew I had done wrong. I hope you will forgive me for little Rosa's sake, as I don't want to rob her of a good father. . . . But, Jack, I hope you will forgive me, your has-been-unfaithful Polly, but-hope-to-remain-your-loving-wife, Polly."

In spite of Polly's hopes Jack felt obliged to ask for a decree, which he got—and poor Polly has no husband now to kiss the tears away.

Very soon after Jack had vacated the witness-box it was occupied by a representative of the sister service, Frank Henry Chamberlain, now a reservist, and formerly a private in a line regiment.

Standing at attention, Chamberlain described how he paid a surprise visit to the house where his wife was living while he was quartered away in barracks. There was a whistle outside the window as he was sitting with his wife, and then a smash, and a man's fist came through the window.

"I don't know who it is," said Mrs. Chamberlain, "they are always annoying me in that way."

#### Detected by a Ruse.

When Chamberlain paid another visit to his wife he pretended to be intoxicated, and went upstairs to lie down. On returning to the sitting-room he found another man there with Mrs. Chamberlain. Chamberlain pretended to go to sleep in a chair.

But what he saw when he got up and followed the two into another room on the upper caused him not only to thrash the other man but also, he somewhat shamefacedly told the Court, to chastise his wife.

He was granted a decree nisi.

## PITFALLS FOR GIRLS.

### Proposed Reform of London Registry Offices.

A crying need—the protection of young women and girls seeking employment in London—will to-day be considered by the London County Council, when it formally receives the report of its Public Control Committee on servants' registry offices and employment agencies in the Metropolis.

Several important proposals are contained in this report, the most notable of which is that the County Council should inaugurate a system of licensing registry offices and employment agencies.

That there is great need for some such system is shown by the reports of the National Vigilance Society and the various philanthropic societies for the protection and aid of young women.

The secretary of one of these latter societies speaking yesterday on the subject enthusiastically welcomed the prospect of registry office reform.

"There are, of course," she explained, "a large number of reputable employment agencies; but, on the other hand, there are many whose least sin is that they defraud mistresses and maids of fees by supplying neither servants nor places."

"We and other similar societies do our best to keep young girls coming from the country out of the clutches of these bogus agencies, and the National Vigilance Society, by keeping matrons at all the railway stations, does a great work."

#### Checking White Slave Traffic.

That one very terrible aspect of the question is recognised by the committee is shown by the following clause in its report:—

But the loss of fees is perhaps the least of the evils arising in connection with some of the so-called employment agencies. We are informed that in many cases the offer of employment is a mere pretence, and that the real object is the more lucrative one of procuring young girls for immoral purposes, while in other cases the girls who fall into the hands of the agents are robbed by them.

Among other reforms the committee suggests regulating the term of the licence; that records of engagements must be kept, which shall be available for inspection; and that employment abroad shall only be permitted when the bona-fides of the proposed employer has been certified by the British Consul.

## LADY'S HOTEL BILLS.

### Nobleman's Daughter Remanded on a Charge of Fraud.

By representing herself as the Honourable Mrs. Giffard, it was alleged at Bow-street yesterday that Adelaide Giffard, a fashionably-dressed woman of thirty-seven, had been allowed credit at several London hotels, including the Hotel Victoria and a private hotel in Clarges-street, and on being pressed for payment had left without settling her bills.

She was arrested on a warrant relating to her bill at Barnett's Private Hotel in Craven-street, Strand, where she had recently been staying. When the warrant was read over to her, it was stated by the prosecuting counsel, she said that a Mr. Coates was going to pay for her.

For the defence Mr. Basil Watson stated that the accused was the daughter of a nobleman, and very well connected in every way, her husband's father being a retired General. As for the amounts mentioned, beyond the bill at Barnett's hotel, which was the only charge on the warrant, these might not have been obtained, he said, by fraud, since many titled people owed hundreds of pounds.

A remand was ordered, bail being granted in two sureties of £250 each.

## THE PROUD BALLET GIRL.

Mr. Forbes, who for many years has conducted a mission among ballet girls, yesterday gave his annual tea at the Alexandra Palace.

One hundred and fifty were present, and after tea they sang hymns in the gardens. Mr. Forbes told a *Mirror* representative that he found the greatest characteristic of the ballet girl was pride.

"Even when they have nothing to eat and nothing to pawn they will not cry out or ask assistance. Only last week I received a note, 'Please go and see Miss —. She has nothing to eat in the house.' Now the girl herself would never have let me know."

## M.P.'S EXTRA SHILLING.

Mr. Louis Sinclair, M.P., applied to Mr. Denman at Marlborough-street yesterday in connection with his summons for driving his motor-car on the wrong side of the road in Regent-street, asking that, for the purposes of appeal, the penalty, 20s., might be increased to a guinea. The Act provided that there was appeal only in cases where the fine was over 20s.

Mr. Denman: I think I can accommodate you by fining you a guinea.

Mr. Sinclair paid the extra shilling, and gave formal notice of appeal.

## HERO OF THE JONG.

### How Lieutenant Grant Won Glory at Gyangtse.

Inquiries at the War Office yesterday confirmed the news that young Lieutenant John Duncan Grant, of the 8th Gurkhas, was severely wounded in Tibet at the storming of Gyangtse.

He did a deed there which stands out as the most dashing act of bravery in a day of courageous fighting, dubbed as "the finest thing since Dargai."

At the close of a long day's battle, he scaled a breach in the wall at the head of a mixed company of Gurkhas and Fusiliers. In face of a hail of fire and an avalanche of stones he and his men climbed up.

A stone struck Lieutenant Grant. Swept off his feet he swayed and swung—nothing, it seemed, could save him from death. A moment of fearful uncertainty, and he had recovered himself in a wonderful manner. He was the first man through the breach, but was severely wounded.

The heroic young lieutenant is the son of a soldier, Colonel Suen Grant, R.E., who served in the Afghan war under Lord Roberts.

A *Mirror* representative had a pleasant conversation yesterday with his mother.

#### His Proud Mother.

"He has only been four years in the Army," she said, "and this is not the first time he has come prominently forward in the Tibet campaign. He was wounded once before outside Phair Fort. He went out to detain some Tibetan officials with whom Colonel Younghusband wished a further conference. He tried to persuade them, but they were either obstinate or did not understand him. He had only a few Gurkhas with him."

"The villagers gathered round threateningly. He felt he must do something, and endeavoured to express by a gesture, putting his hand on a pony's bridle, that he wished them to stay."

"A sharp exclamation burst from the lips of a Tibetan official. At once the villagers launched a shower of stones at him. He fell to the ground unconscious, and was carried back to the fort by the Gurkhas. It was some weeks before he was well of his wounds."

"I am looking forward to his letter about the storming of the breach," went on Mrs. Grant; "but he is so modest, I expect he will say I am not to believe half of it, though I know it is true."

## RACING RIVER STEAMERS.

### Thames Conservancy Promises to Stop a Dangerous Practice.

Sir William Treloar yesterday introduced a deputation to the Thames Conservancy with a complaint of dangerous racing by excursion steamers on the lower river.

On June 18 Sir William and the members of the deputation were passengers by the *Yarmouth Belle*. It was alleged that coming up the river between Southend and Tilbury the Koh-i-noor approached within a few yards, and both boats raced for a considerable distance, until the captain of the "Belle" boat slowed down on Sir William Treloar's expostulation.

Several members of the deputation said that some hundreds of lives were in danger, and a stop should be put to racing.

The chairman of the Thames Conservancy admitted there had been many complaints, and said the Conservancy would never hesitate to take action where proper evidence was laid before them. The matter was referred to the Lower River Committee, with full powers to act.

## WOMAN'S INCONSISTENCY.

"It is perfectly impossible for a magistrate to protect women if they behave with such madness," remarked Mr. Garrett at the South-Western Police Court, commenting on the conduct of a woman whose husband, John William Shennings, had kicked her down a flight of stairs.

Mrs. Shennings a week ago applied for a separation, but has since changed her mind, and appealed in her husband's favour. It was also stated that while the two were first keeping company Shennings brutally assaulted the woman and was sentenced to six months' hard labour, yet after he came out of prison she married him.

Shennings was sentenced to three months' hard labour.

## RESCUER SURPRISED.

Seeing William Chivers, a Tottenham labourer, struggling in the river Lea at Spring-hill, a man named Arthur Shemmon dived in to rescue him, only to find that Chivers was a better swimmer than himself.

At North London Police Court yesterday Chivers, who said he had had trouble and jumped in the river on the impulse of the moment, was remanded on a charge of attempting to commit suicide.

For placing a rifle shooting apparatus in Rosebery-avenue, E.C., which he said he had "run" in the street for years, Edmund Hodges was fined 5s. at Clerkenwell.

## FOUGHT WITH IRON.

### Accused Apprentice Makes a Terrible Confession.

#### A WORKSHOP TRAGEDY.

A strange account of the manner in which Councilor Lowes met his death in his own workshop at Durham has been given to the police by Robert John Allen, the apprentice charged with his murder.

Allen, who is a bright, well-set-up youth of twenty, was brought before the magistrates yesterday and remanded till to-day. During the proceedings his remarkable narrative of what occurred on Saturday afternoon was read. It ran as follows:—

"At two o'clock I went up for my wages. He refused to give them to me, and I asked him what for. He said: 'You have an hour and a half to work up.' I said, 'No; I had one hour.'

#### His Master's Threat.

"He looked up the register, and found that I had an hour, and he gave me my wages, and threatened that he would have me locked up. I said, 'You can't.'"

"He came out of the office to put me out of the place, and got hold of me by the shoulders, and I pushed him out of the road."

"He got hold of an iron bar from the lathe and hit me with that. I dropped a steel tool on his toes, when he dropped the iron bar. I took it up. He got hold of me and I fell. He got the iron bar to strike me, and I ducked."

#### "Bats on the Head."

"In the struggle he fell. I gave him a bat with the bar on the hands. He got the bar, but I got it off him, and gave him two or three bats with it on the head, and left him there and came home."

The Durham head constable stated that when Allen was confronted on Saturday with his own bloodstained clothes he said, "It's all up, superintendent. I will own up to it."

The case will be committed to the Assizes, which commence on Thursday. Allen had still nine months to serve as apprentice to Mr. Lowes. He had twice previously wished to leave, but had been unable owing to the articles under which he was bound.

His employer was a marble mason and monumental sculptor, trading as Lowes and Sons. He became a member of the Town Council two years ago, and was prominent in debate as a keen critic in public matters.

## FEMALE SHYLOCKS.

### Judge's Condemnation of Money-lenders' Women Touts.

In very strong terms Judge Addison, K.C., at Southwark County Court yesterday condemned the practice of women touting on behalf of money-lenders in poor districts, and expressed his determination to stamp out the evil as far as lay in his power.

A widow, named Eliza Westhorpe, sought to recover from William Foster, a foreman, ten shillings which she said she had lent to his wife. Her story was that out of good nature she obtained the money at interest from a neighbour and lent it to Mrs. Foster, who was in great trouble owing to lack of money, for nothing. The husband, however, discovered that she was, so he alleged, a tout of a registered money-lender, and refused to repay the money.

To a woman who went into the witness-box and stated that she had a few pounds which she lent out at a penny in the shilling per week—this, it appeared, is the customary rate of interest—the Judge remarked, "There is no greater sin to the community than such women as you. You do your lending," he added, "through other women who pose as poor widows doing their friends a good turn."

Judgment was entered for the defendant, the Judge saying that he wished that he could make the principal pay the costs.

## SUICIDE SEASON.

At this season of the year the tendency among persons with ill-balanced minds to commit suicide is brought into prominence by the number of such cases before coroners and magistrates. At West Ham Police Court yesterday Sarah Dawson, a young married woman, was remanded on a charge of attempted suicide. She had taken carbolic acid because she had had trouble over money matters. She now expressed sorrow.

A carman who was brought up on a similar charge had cut his throat with a table knife. His explanation was that "the wife started nagging" me and I did it to frighten her." He was remanded also.



## THE CITY.

"Sergeant Brue," originally produced at the Strand Theatre on June 14, was transferred to the Prince of Wales's last night by Mr. Frank Curzon. Except that here and there a little compression has been exercised, there is no appreciable alteration in the piece since it was first presented at the Strand.



## NOTICES TO READERS.

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## Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1904.

## LIVING OUT OF DOORS.

This is what we all hanker after in hot weather. The air in houses grows unbearable. The walls give off heat that is almost visible. Carpets and curtains and stuffed chairs seem to be in league to make us hotter and more uncomfortable. We long for the open air and whatever breeze there may be, and a chance to draw long breaths into our exhausted lungs.

To the lucky country-dweller all this is possible, though he is often very slow to avail himself of his advantages. The townsman, however, is in much harder plight. He cannot put his breakfast table outside the front-door, or have tea in the garden, or take a picnic dinner to some convenient river-bank or field. Nor is he at all well provided with open-air resorts where he might eat at meal-times, and at others sit with coffee or beer before him listening to a band.

The usual answer to a remark of this kind is that "the English climate is not suitable for living out-of-doors." All nonsense! Our climate is not a beauty, but it is just as good as that of many parts of France and Germany, not to mention more northerly countries, where open-air café-restaurants are highly popular, and well filled for quite half the year.

It is simply want of enterprise on our part, coupled with want of room. Land is dearer in London than in any other city in the world. In all our big towns it is priced high. Still, there would be plenty of money in good out-of-door restaurants for all classes if only someone would set them going.

Why are not our public open spaces used more for this purpose? They are for everybody's good, and certainly it would make everybody better to be given the opportunity to keep cool in weather like that of the last few days.

## Reformation or Resignation?

The usual cry for "more Judges" is going up now July has come round again. Certainly the block at the Law Courts is monstrous. Numbers of actions are hung up now with no chance of being heard until October.

But the real trouble is not too few Judges. It is our out-of-date circuit system which takes Judges away from London to go round the country trying a few cases here and a few there which could almost all be disposed of by lesser tribunals—quarter sessions or the county courts.

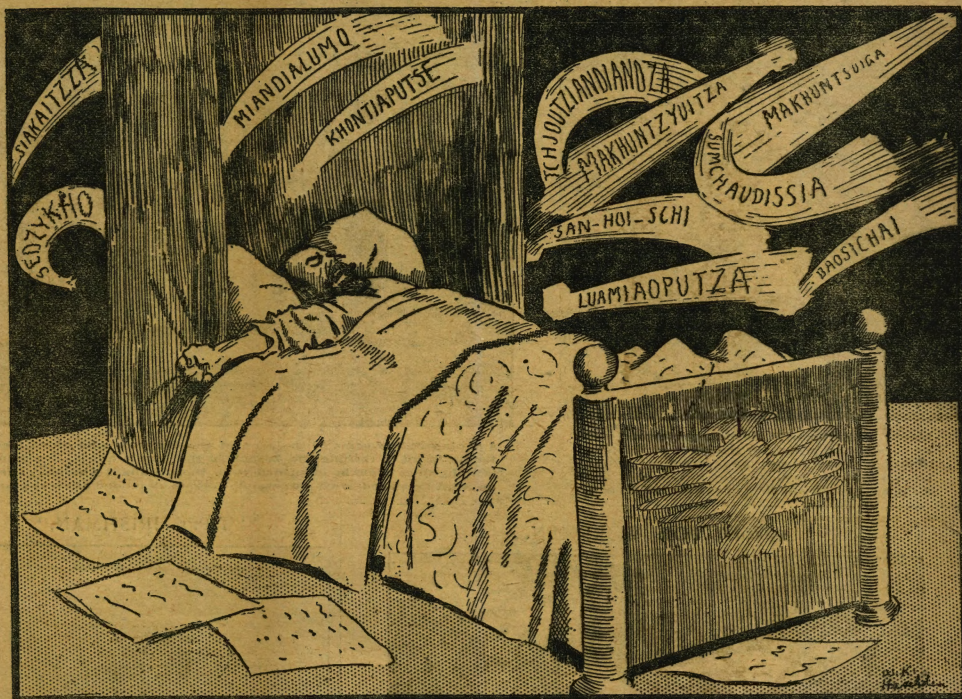
This waste of energy (and of the time both of suitors and counsel) ought to have been remedied long ago. Indeed, our whole judicial system has wanted overhauling for many years past. The Lord Chancellor is supposed to keep it in order. That is why we pay him £10,000 a year. If he cannot or will not check abuses that have been bywords for years, he ought to resign in favour of somebody who can and will.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

## Sir Coana Doyle's Parable.

The cheese-mites asked how the cheese got there, And warmly debated the matter;  
 The Orthodox said that it came from the air, And the Heretics said from the platter,  
 They argued it long and they argued it strong, And I hear they are arguing now;  
 But of all the choice spirits who lived in the cheese Not one of them thought of a cow!  
 (From "Songs of Action.")

## MORE TEETH-BREAKERS.



THE TSAR (in his sleep): Alas! if I had known that my dreams would be haunted by words like this, I should certainly never have permitted the war!

[General Sakharoff in his telegram about the capture of Kaiping by the Japanese introduced an entirely fresh batch of names nobody has ever heard of, even harder to pronounce than those to which we have by this time got more or less accustomed.]

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

There is a pretty little romance in connection with the portrait of Queen Alexandra which Mr. Edward Hughes is painting. Skilful artist as is the vice-president of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, his studio is not one to which ordinarily society goes for its portraits. But the Queen knows his work, and determined that he should help her to carry out a surprise for the King.

Quite privately she gave him a number of sittings, wearing the magnificent dress in which she appeared at the Coronation. Nobody knew anything of the matter until the forty-first anniversary of the wedding of the King and Queen. Then her Majesty led the King into one of the state rooms of Buckingham Palace and desired him to unveil a picture placed on an easel there. The curtain was drawn by the King, and there was her birthday gift to himself, one of the prettiest portraits she has ever had. The one for which her Majesty is now sitting is to be a replica of that, and to be sent to her father, the King of Denmark.

Lady Marjorie Gordon will disappoint those who attend her wedding to-day expecting to see a young lady of sparkling beauty. Intellect, sweetness, and kindness appear in her every feature, not mere prettiness. She looks what she is, a thoroughly good, clever girl, the image of her mother, the Countess of Aberdeen, the replica of her in tastes and aims. Captain Sinclair, the bridegroom-elect, is just as earnest and thoughtful in his way, and the combination should prove a most happy one.

Captain Sinclair is twenty years older than his bride, and was in the Army before she was born. Lady Marjorie was still in the nursery when he was A.D.C. to her father, Lord Aberdeen, then Viceroy of Ireland. He was secretary to Lord Aberdeen when the latter was Governor-General of Canada; so that the friendship is a very old one. It has taken a more intimate form than most people imagine. At Haddo House, Lord Aberdeen's place in Scotland, is a private chapel, in whose pulpit the Earl and his prospective son-in-law have preached in turn.

When the Chatham and Dover and the South-Eastern amalgamated (blessed word!) five years ago we were told that the results would be remarkable very soon. So far the only results are that the S.E.R. dividend has gone down from close on 4 to 2½, and the price of its stock from 154 to 97, and that the management of both railways is quite as antiquated as it was before. Lord Farrer, who has just pointed this out, adding that he distrusted the "amalgamation" idea all along, is certainly justified in saying "I told you so."

The last time Mr. Graham Browne and his wife, Miss Madge Mackintosh, appeared together at a trial matinee the occasion brought forth that very interesting play, "The Weather-Heaven." Is it too much to hope for another such pleasant surprise this afternoon when they produce "George Paston's" play, "The Pharisee's Wife"? They are two exceptionally intelligent players, and their interest in the piece arouses expectations. Mr. Graham Browne has the reputation of being almost the only man on the stage who can be romantic and gentlemanly at the same time; and Miss Mackintosh is the most sympathetic among our younger actresses.

Mr. Windsor T. White, of "White" steam-motor-car fame, meant to go back to America after visiting London and proudly show his friends his licence to drive in the old country. He will keep that licence dark now, for alas! it bears upon it a statement that last week he was fined for driving on the right instead of the left side of a street refuge! His defence was that in America he would have been committing no breach of law. Now he goes about repeating to himself softly that in London

"If you go left, you go right;  
 And if you go right, you go wrong."

"On Sunday evening service will be in the garden." That was the notice up outside a Putney Nonconformist Church, and sure enough when Sunday evening came there were the congregation sitting on chairs about the grass and the minister reading and preaching from a table set up on the gravel path. They certainly looked cool, and as they came away they were loud in praise of their minister's happy thought.

Sir Charles Warren, who has just received a well-earned good service pension, has been little heard of since the unhappy recriminations which followed the publication of the Spion Kop dispatches, which told only half the story and left him to unmerited obloquy. Unpleasant as the whole matter became, there was one gleam of mirth in the preliminaries. Sir Charles permits nothing to stand between him and his bath. Just as the order went forth for the last attempt at the crossing of the Tugela, Warren was in the midst of his ablutions. Buller wanted him at that moment, rode up to find him, and then and there they held their conference, Buller on horseback, Warren, naked as he was born, in his tub.

A small boy with a cart was run into by a motor-car the other day. As soon as he had pulled himself together he shouted: "I'll have the law of you for this. Just you hold my horse's head while I go and find a policeman." "Kladderatsch" (German).

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## The Chairman of the N.R.A.

Nor since the National Rifle Association began to hold its meetings at Bisley instead of at Wimbledon has the chairman lived in camp for the annual fortnight. The pleasure which is felt at Lord Chylesmore's presence this year is all the greater since his wife is with him—the handsome, pleasant American who has been so popular on this side ever since her marriage in 1892.

She met her husband, who was then Colonel Herbert Eaton, by the merest chance. He had been sent to Bermuda in charge of a battalion of Guards who had been behaving badly. He groined at his harsh fate! But Bermuda is a place where many Americans go for their holidays, and it was not long before Colonel Eaton was blessing instead of cursing his lot.

This is about the most remarkable thing Lord Chylesmore (he succeeded his brother in 1902) has ever done. He is a good-looking man, and reckoned a good soldier. He collects medals intelligently, shoots and drives better than most, and can do his share of work in a boat. But beyond that and doing much useful work as an organiser of all kinds of charities, he is not a specially distinguished man.

All the same, they are very glad to have him down at Bisley, and he does not lose any popularity by being a lord.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

## Can Iced Drinks Be Taken in Hot Weather with Impunity?

Carefully iced drinks—that is, drinks which have been cooled by being kept near ice—will not hurt healthy people, though, if either teeth or digestion be defective, they are pretty likely to cause trouble.

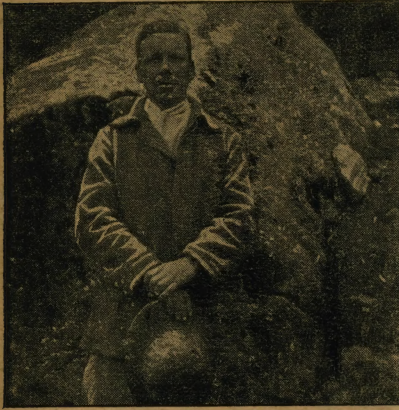
Drinks with ice in them should be avoided like the plague. The tinkle of the lump against the glass is pleasant, but you can never tell where that lump came from, or what kind of hands it has been through.

The best thirst-quenchers are not iced at all. Extreme cold rather stimulates than abates thirst. Sip any drink quietly (instead of gulping it), and it will soon have the desired effect.

Why is not the omnibus-horses' stopping-place opposite St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner kept sanded, so that the poor animals may get a better footing on the stiff, smooth-pavement? A kind-hearted correspondent asks us this, and for the life of me I cannot tell. I know one or two members of the Westminster City Council, humane men enough. But this body, as a whole, seems to have no feeling for horses at all.



## THE HERO OF GYANTSE AND HIS MEN.



Lieut. Grant, who, with his men, performed such an heroic deed in scaling the walls of the jong in face of a hail of fire and torrents of stones. Lieut. Grant was struck down, but he regained his position, and was first man over the breach.



A photograph of some of the men of the Gurkhas, who aided Lieutenant Grant in rushing the breach in the jong made by the guns. Nothing finer could be imagined than these gallant Gurkhas' burst up what appeared to be inaccessible heights, defended at every point.

## £400,000 FOR WORKMEN.



An snapshot taken in Paris of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who, with his brothers, the Barons Gustave and Edmond, has presented £400,000 to the French Government for the erection of workmen's dwellings.

## "T.P.'s IRISHMAN."



Camillo Alexander Luis Russell-Righini, Mmo. Ella Russell's charming boy, who celebrates his third birthday to-day by giving a tea-party. See page 4.

## WOMAN SHOEBLACK.



London's only female shoeblack, who has been removed from her "stand" in the Euston-road by the police because she had no licence.

## TO-DAY'S SOCIETY WEDDING.



Lady Marjorie Gordon, whose marriage to Captain John Sinclair, M.P., to-day, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, is one of great social and political interest.—(Photograph by Thomson.)



Captain John Sinclair, M.P., who is to be married to-day to the only daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, is a well-known Liberal member.—(Photograph by Thomson.)



The arrival of the German fleet outside arrived at Plymouth, and will remain and was witnessed by



This unique photograph shows Japan they have been occupying ever since



ARMADA AT PLYMOUTH.



Harbour on Sunday. About mid-day the squadron, composed of eight battleships and seven cruisers, arrived. The scene as the vessels steamed up towards the port presented a most imposing spectacle, and a large number of spectators, who crowded along the shores of the harbour and on the slopes of the Hoe.

AFTER CHEMULPHO.



A group of Russian wounded in hospital after the battle of Chemulpho. In the centre is a wounded Jap wearing a Russian sailor's cap. Note the two Japanese nurses in the background.—(Photograph by Nouvelles, Paris.)

FLOODS IN THE EAST.



Since the commencement of the war in the Far East the movements of the Russian soldiers have been considerably hampered by torrential floods. The above is a photograph of a street in Harbin under water.—(Photograph by George Rogers, of Urban.)

ON THE MARCH TO PORT ARTHUR.



guarding the gates of the town of Feng-huang-cheng, which the Russians lost after the battle of Kiu-leng-cheng.—(Reproduction of "Collier's Weekly.")



Wounded Japanese soldiers on the banks of the Yalu River. In the battles fought here the Japanese achieved some of the greatest military feats on record. This photograph was taken during the thick of the fighting.—(Reproduced by permission of "Collier's Weekly.")



## LADY MARJORIE GORDON'S TOILETTE FOR HER MARRIAGE TO-DAY.

## TO-DAY'S GREAT WEDDING.

## BRIDESMAIDS WEAR COPIES OF HISTORIC FROCKS.

The wedding that will be of paramount interest to the world at large to-day is that of Lady Marjorie Gordon to Captain Sinclair, which will take place at St. Mary's Abbot's, Kensington.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the bride's parents, are celebrated in every quarter of the globe. Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada, and before that was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and in her sphere Lady Aberdeen is no less active, for she is one of the cleverest women of the day, and was president of the International Council of Women from 1893 to 1896, and also of the Women's Local Government Society until last year. That she writes very pleasantly everyone will agree who has read "Through Canada with a Kodak."

## A Journalistic Bride.

Of Lady Marjorie Gordon, who is a tall, elegant and graceful girl, with dark hair and eyes, it may be said that she inherits many of her parents' tastes, and has often been associated with them in their work. She, too, writes charmingly, and edited a magazine when yet quite a child. She has known her future husband for many years; he was with Lord Aberdeen in Canada.

It is characteristic of Lady Aberdeen and her daughter that the trousseau prepared for Lady Marjorie should come from many places. Ireland, Scotland, Canada, and England all contribute something. Thus her wedding gown, made in London, at Viola's in Albemarle-street, is embroidered with appliques in silver, worked partly in Scotland and partly in Dublin. Her gown is of cream coloured corded silk, made long and quite plain, with no extra train—a fashion which, I am glad to say, is obtaining favour, for several society brides lately have abandoned the train in favour of the plainer gown. There is, however, a beautiful flounce of old Brussels lace bordering the skirt, and carried up the left side to the waist, which, as well as the veil of the same lace, was worn by Lady Aberdeen at her own wedding. Here and there are embroideries in silver of broom and ivy, these being the badges of the two families of Gordon and Sinclair. The bodice is low, with a high chemise of chiffon, draped with a fichu, and embroidered in silver. Real orange flowers will be worn.

The troupe of bridesmaids are sure to look very quaint and charming, for their toilettes, made by Madame Amy, of Holles-street, are exact copies of the dresses worn by the bridesmaids at Queen Victoria's wedding. Composed of white Louise silk, they have full bodices, with deep berthes of lace and chiffon upon them. The skirts are full and quite plain, and instead of wearing either hats

or bonnets the royal plan obtains of wreaths taking their place. They are composed of malmaisons, flower of the broom, and ivy leaves, once more in accentuation of the badges of the two contracting houses. Wreathed round the arms are to be scarves of porcelain blue chiffon.

The bride's going-away gown is of creamy-white éolienne, strapped with glacé silk, with a fichu of chiffon and a deep Victorian berthe of string-coloured lace, above a white gilet belt. A quaint Victorian bonnet will be worn with this attire, tied with white strings.

Other gowns are a white crêpe de Chine one for the evening, the skirt of which has a deeply-gauged hip-yoke, while the bébé bodice is swathed with chiffon, of which the sleeves are also made. The Limerick lace workers have presented a beautiful berthe, which droops on the shoulders and is finished in front by a bunch of pink roses. Another evening gown is of black crêpe de Chine, with long silver embroideries upon it.

There is also an exquisite tea gown in rayon crêpe de Chine cream tinted with a high empire

## THE GALA SKIRT.

## NO LONGER SMART TO RUSTLE.

It is a moot question whether or not a silk lining is a necessary accessory of a muslin frock. A skirt often hangs better over one, but yet, again, the lines are often softened when it is posed over a petticoat of fine lawn embellished with lace instead of the silk lining. Besides which it is no longer modish for a toilette to rustle.

For a gown of voile or an elaborate afternoon or evening costume a good silk petticoat, fitted closely about the hips, with plenty of flare at the feet, is



Lady Marjorie Gordon's wedding dress is a simple and beautiful one of ivory-white gros grain silk, with draperies of exquisite Brussels lace and crystal embroidery. Her attendant maids are to wear gowns that are exact facsimiles of the dresses worn by Queen Victoria's bridesmaids, and wreaths, instead of hats, combining malmaisons, flowers of the broom, and ivy leaves, the two last the badges of the houses of the bride and groom.

sash and long ends of rose colour, and angel-wing sleeves of chiffon, reaching nearly to the ground, terminated by a hem of rose silk.

One day gown is made of black taffetas, very full and much flounced, another is of pastel blue. Then there is a brown cloth coat and skirt, also a dark red one, and a quantity of linen and dainty muslin gowns and numbers of charming blouses.

The beautiful lingerie has all been made by societies and schools in which Lady Aberdeen has so long taken an interest.

## HOT WEATHER BEVERAGES.

Nothing equals barley water and oatmeal as cooling and sustaining beverages in the heat of summer.

**BARLEY WATER.**—Wash one ounce of pearl barley, put it into a saucepan with one quart of cold water and a strip of lemon peel. Let it simmer for an hour, strain it, sweeten it, and add lemon juice to taste.

**OATMEAL WATER.**—Take three ounces of oatmeal and stir it into one quart of cold water. Let it settle, pour off the clear water, which is then ready to drink, or it can be sweetened and flavoured with lemon juice.

## ANNOYING FLIES.

## HOW TO BANISH BUZZING PESTS.

To keep a house cool in the summer weather open every window and door wide for two hours in the early morning, then close the doors and leave the windows not more than six inches open. The windows all over the house should be left open in this way, and the blinds be drawn down close to the edge of the opening, for by keeping the sun out and providing a good draught of air the house may be kept cool.

Never allow a speck of food to remain uncovered in either the dining-room or pantry for any length of time after meals. Food should be covered at once, and the pantry windows should be kept open a few inches and be darkened.

To deal with the pestilent fly every door and window should be screened from top to bottom. The following mixture is excellent for keeping flies out of a room. Take half a teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of cream, and the same amount of brown sugar, and mix these ingredients well together. Strong green tea well sweetened is another very good deterrent to flies.

## SUMMER SHOES.

## LOW PUMPS FOR COOLNESS AND COMFORT.

Boots and shoes are conspicuous items of attire this year because of the short skirts that girls wear, and extravagant young women are indulging in a variety of them, one pair for each costume.

There are shoes for every occasion, and each pair seems prettier than the last. One of the neatest pairs recently seen were made in a golden-brown shade with Louis heels, which are distinctly high, but display the instep charmingly. Hosiery to exactly match the shoes should be worn, and there are stockings so filmy as to seem more like lace than anything stronger.

The smartest and coolest shoes of all are the summer girl's pumps. These are cut on precisely the same lines as a man's dancing shoes, very low, and are worn without either a ribbon tie or a button. They are made of tan leather, Russia leather, patent leather, and all sorts of suede, glazed and unglazed.

An inventor was brought by ill-health to realize the urgent necessity for a pre-digested cereal food, that the system could easily absorb; that would furnish the body with energy and also rebuild brain and nerve centres. Result: **GRAPE-NUTS** fully cooked breakfast food.

ALL GROCERS SELL  
AT 7d. PER PACKET.

## Hay Fever.

"Science Siftings," the great authority on the purity of foods and drugs, says:—"Recent experiments have proved to us that Icilma Natural Water sprayed into the Nostrils is a cure for and preventive of hay-fever." Icilma Water soothes and cures mosquito and gnat bites quicker than any artificial remedy. Bottles, 6d and 1s.—ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B), 148, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.

## MAUD BAKER

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## IRISH LINENS AND SUMMER FABRICS

direct from Ireland.

IF you will send us a post card, we will be pleased to send you a variety of samples of genuine Irish goods—pretty things for making blouses and summer costumes—patterns of Tablecloths, Handkerchiefs, Sheetings, Towels, &c.

Many of these are such as cannot be bought in the shops—all of them are at such prices as make it profitable to buy direct. You can order by number and keep the samples for comparison when the goods come home. You can make the selection in the comfort and leisure of your own house.

G. R. HUTTON & CO.,

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## RUSSIAN PRIEST HERO.

## How Father Ivann Carried the Crucifix at Kiu-len-cheng.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Thursday.

The hero of all Russia to-day is not Kuropatkin or Skrydloff, but Father Ivann Stcherbatkovsky, the priest-hero of Kiu-len-cheng, who, holding aloft a crucifix, led the 12th Regiment in a desperate bayonet charge through the Japanese ranks.

The correspondent of a Moscow paper has interviewed Father Stcherbatkovsky, who is now lying in hospital at Kharbin with three bullet wounds in his chest.

"My regiment," said the heroic priest, "was sent into action to save the situation, and allow Kash-talsky's shattered battalions to retreat safely. While the latter were getting away we were sur-

rounded by Japanese, and had to cut our way out with the bayonet.

"As our troops swept to the charge the Japanese stripped the whole lanes through them. They wavered. The thought that they might give way struck me as terrible, and remembering our holy faith and the Christian work entrusted to Russia's armies, I determined to re-inspire them.

"I removed my hat, and, taking this crucifix in my right hand (the priest pointed to a cross of brass with the corner knocked off by a bullet), I rushed to the front. The men cheered when they saw me, some crying, 'Christ is with us!' The three men nearest me were blown to bits by a shell, but I was unhurt. The men who took their places fell one by one under the terrific Japanese fire, the continuous flame of which afar seemed to our Christian spirits as the flames of Hell.

"But I held the threatening symbol of Christian sovereignty high in the air, and as we drew nearer our heathen opponents, I could see that the cross had struck terror into their hearts.

"At last a bullet struck me in the chest; but I went on. Another struck me, and I staggered.

Then came a third, and I fell, and was carried off the field while our triumphant legion, guarded in the path of Christ, swept on, and, hacking a path through the encircling myriads of Japanese, regained our retreating main body. What that fight meant you may imagine. Ninety per cent. of one company fell."

## INDIANS HELP RUSSIA.

## Sepsos Assist in the Defence of Port Arthur.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Sunday.

M. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, acting as war correspondent of the "Russkoe Slovo," declares that there is a large number of "sepsos from British India" engaged in the defence of Port Arthur:—

"In the noisy crowd," says the correspondent, "move grave, leisurely, tall sepsos in white and

red turbans. These bearded giants may be seen contemptuously ordering about the Chinese navies, watching the works in the dock, or sitting peacefully outside their houses.

"These sepsos got into touch with Russia during the campaign of 1900, and have remained with us ever since. I do not know how Port Arthur would manage without them. Honest, hard-working, trustworthy, they put their whole hearts into local undertakings. The Chinese alone fear them, for the taciturn and tranquil British Indian is a pledge of good order. They have even taught the Chinese cleanliness.

"You had better have Port Arthur. It is dangerous to remain," said the authorities.

"We did not eat Russia's bread with the idea of abandoning her in misfortune," was the reply.

"But everyone here will soon have to shoulder a rifle."

"If we fought for the English, who did not treat us as human beings, we will fight all the more readily for Russia."

"Not one of them left the town."

## The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

## CHAPTER XXXIV. (continued.)

"My father is in great trouble," Beatrix glanced up nervously at Feodora Cary and then looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "There will be time to catch the 5.30 train, if I tell them to pack at once, so excuse me for a moment, Feo," she said, as she moved rapidly to the door, her self-reliance evident.

"Must you go?" began Lady Cary; "what will John say to your dashing off in this fashion—can't he go with you?"

"Impossible, he has to speak in the House to-night, and it is his first speech, Feo. How I wanted to hear him." And Beatrix left the room repressing a faint sigh; her cousin meanwhile watched her, and sighed herself as the door closed.

"Ah, yes, Trix is happy," she muttered rather enviously; "after all, is love the one thing needful, and has she found the jewel I lost?" Feodora Cary was not often given to serious musings, but now, as she lay back full length in the deep arm-chair, she grew pensive and thoughtful, for she remembered a certain summer—and a certain man. He had been a mere detrimental, and she had done wisely, from the worldly standpoint, in tossing him lightly over for Sir Anthony Cary, and yet Feo felt suddenly sick and sorry. The glamour of lost sunsets, the scent of other Junes—why had she suddenly realised all that she had lost?

Her small face looked thin and peevish when Beatrix returned, and she glanced up a little impatiently. "Well, are all your preparations done?" she asked. "I see you have changed into a travelling frock."

"Yes, I have given all my orders," answered Beatrix; "the carriage will be round in an hour, and my maid goes with me. I have written a letter to John. The trouble must be very serious," she turned to her cousin, a grave expression on her face, "that makes my father write to me. Besides he was in town this morning, so he has evidently been summoned down to Oakfields."

"Mrs. Chevenix is staying at Oakfields, isn't she?" Lady Cary said quickly. "Didn't she have some accident or other last week? I heard people talking about it."

"She fell into the pond at Oakfields," answered Beatrix slowly, "overbalancing herself whilst trying to pick some water lilies. Father heard a splash, and only got to the pond in time to save her. The worst of the trouble is that in falling into the water she must have knocked her head against some of the ornamental stones that border the edge of the pond, for ever since the accident she has been in a semi-conscious condition. Father hates anyone to talk about it; but, of course, we are all fearfully anxious."

"I wonder Uncle Robert cares to leave Mrs. Chevenix at such a time," remarked Lady Cary, looking hard at Beatrix. "He has been in London all this week."

"He had to attend the opening of Parliament," returned Beatrix quickly, a bright flush colouring her cheeks, "and he could have done no good by staying down at Oakfields. Poor Mrs. Chevenix recognises no one, but directly she recovers

consciousness, of course, father will be with her. She may have so recovered already, for you see father has evidently been sent for by the doctors, as he writes to me from Oakfields." The girl knit her brows and spoke with some constraint of manner. She had to admit to herself that there was something mysterious about Margaret Chevenix's accident; that there was more in it perhaps than met the eye. The Premier's account of the affair had been vague and shadowy, and Beatrix had her own secret misgivings as to whether it had been the accident he tried to make out. Could Margaret have made a desperate attempt on her own life, and have been impelled to play the part of a suicide? Beatrix remembered the tragic scene in the library, on that day when she had first met the woman who was then known as Molly Devine; and she remembered how reluctant Margaret had been to agree to Paul Cary's conditions; with what intense delight the woman had shrunk back from the idea of marrying the Premier, and how spiritless and wretched had been her final consent. She had evidently expected to find little happiness in the marriage; had these misgivings been realised, and had life become such a wearisome burden to the unhappy woman that she had been eager to throw it away?

Beatrix felt very uneasy as these thoughts intruded themselves into her mind. She could not help realising that the Premier's conduct had been strange. Why should he have hurried up to London the very day after the so-called accident, leaving Margaret in a condition of very great danger; tried then, again, why had he made no attempt to return to Oakfields? Certainly his services were needed in the House of Commons, but his conduct was strange; for all that, for surely he was a man first and Premier afterwards.

The girl grew very anxious about what was passing at Oakfields, as she leaned back in the comfortable railway carriage, secure in the seclusion of a reserved compartment. All her sympathy flowed out to Margaret, for Beatrix realised the tragedy of her step-mother's position. Neither Margaret nor the Premier had ever taken Beatrix into their confidence, and during a hasty visit she had paid to Oakfields Beatrix could not help noticing how Mrs. Chevenix endeavoured to avoid being left alone with her, and yet, on so the girl had fancied, Margaret's eyes seemed to entreat her sympathy, and there was something pathetic and painful in the woman's whole expression.

She wondered sometimes if Paul Cary would ever occur in her life again, and wondered always with a stupid, sick feeling of terror, for she had an instinctive feeling that the man would bring trouble on her and on that dearer self, her husband, John Heron.

She was not a coward by any means, but she never called up a recollection of the thin, dark, evil face without a nervous shudder, for Paul Cary had glanced at her with such hate in his eyes and such malice in his smile that she had felt quite certain that he only waited his chance to become a most dangerous enemy.

Beatrix closed her eyes after a while as the train swept and curved on, wisely determining not to rack her brain with vain surmise. She would know what was happening at Oakfields soon enough, and it might be as well to rest while she could.

She roused herself with a start when her maid bent forward to tell her they had reached their station.

"Was I asleep, Parsons?" she asked, a little vaguely, and then hurried out of the carriage, for her quick eyes had caught sight of her father standing on the platform.

Robert Chevenix looked his full age, and even more, as he stood up, the last golden rays of the setting sun shining on his face. He had a worn and anxious expression, and had quite lost his air of Jovian majesty. He was no longer as one of the immortals, but a mere human creature, who could feel and suffer like other men.

Something in his pose and attitude stirred Beatrix deeply for he somehow looked crushed, and she had only seen him hitherto as one riding by, a conqueror. Her whole heart went out to him, and she moved forward, her arms outstretched, her face lit up with a rare and tender smile. The Beatrix of the past would have gazed with half-incredulous wonder, but the new Beatrix was stirred and deeply compassionate. What venture had been tearing at her father's heart—what pale sin had risen from the past to haunt him?

The father and daughter grasped each other's hands in silence, and then Robert Chevenix drew his daughter to the shelter of the waiting-room.

"I must speak to you," he muttered hoarsely, and closing the door and leaning heavily against it.

"Ah, Beatrix, I knew you would come to me." "Naturally," she replied, still detaining his hand and gazing somewhat anxiously at his haggard, careworn face. "How could you imagine otherwise—but tell me what the trouble is and how I can help you."

"Margaret is ill, very ill," he answered slowly, "and they fancy the crisis will be to-night."

Beatrix started. There was a note of intense depression in her father's voice; his eyes were bloodshot, and he looked as if he feared the worst. Perhaps, after all, he had grown to care deeply for Margaret. Involuntarily, and thinking of her love for John Heron, her grasp on her father's hand tightened.

"You mustn't worry, dear," she said gently. "I feel sure all will be well; but, indeed, you mustn't worry."

"You will stay the night here, Beatrix, won't you? The man looked at his daughter, pleading eagerly. "And bring me the news; you bring it your own self—to-morrow. Mark me, Trix, no letters—no telegrams. I must hear how things have gone from your own lips. Child, you will do this for my sake?"

"But are you going away, leaving your wife, not at such an hour. Is it right, father—is it kind?"

"I must," he replied quickly. "I speak to-night on the new Bill. The Bill is at stake. I must be at my post. Trix, you understand that, surely."

Her brows contracted. "Yes, I understand," she said gravely, "but it seems hard—from the woman's point of view. And how are you getting to town to-night? A special, I suppose?"

Her father nodded. "I only waited for you to arrive; they are signalling to clear the line now. You will drive straight up to Oakfields, won't you, and see Margaret directly you arrive. She is beginning to recover consciousness, and to recognise people and things. You must be with her, Beatrix, I promise me that you will be with her." The Premier spoke in tones of extreme earnestness, gazing hard at his daughter.

"Of course, I will be with her," answered Beatrix quietly. "You can trust me, father."

"She may say strange things," the man went on earnestly, "and make wild and fearful statements. You will not be frightened, you will not believe her, Trix?" He caught his daughter's hand as he spoke, and pressed it tightly.

"Do you mean that her brain is likely to be affected?" cried the girl, with some horror. "Has the shock of the sudden immersion made Margaret mad?"

"I don't know—I cannot tell," muttered the Premier; "but the doctors hint, from one or two statements she has already begun to make to her nurse, that it may be so. She makes long, rambling statements—says things only a mad woman would say." He wiped his brow as he spoke, for it was damp with sweat.

Beatrix shivered, despite the heat of the warm summer day; and she glanced at the Premier with compassion. "Oh, father, this is simply terrible," she murmured gently; "but what can I do?"

"You can sit in her room to-night," he answered slowly, not looking at her as he spoke—"to-night will decide the question of her sanity, I expect—and tell me what the doctors say to-morrow. Come up by the 11.30 train, Trix. I will send the carriage to meet you at the station. You will drive straight to Portman-square. I will be waiting for you in the library. Now, child, if you love me, don't fail to come. You must tell me, word for word, what Margaret has said during the night. I could not endure to hear it from the lips of strangers; you—you must bring me the news, good or bad, yourself."

"Dear, you can trust me to come," Beatrix replied softly, and then she bent forward and pressed her lips to the Premier's hot forehead. She felt the painful throbbing of the brow, and guessed what he must be suffering.

"Be brave," she whispered, "Margaret may recover; let us pray to God for her life, for her reason. Oh, father, in the old days, the days before I met John, I used to question whether there could be any good in prayer; I almost looked on religion as superstition; but now, now—I know better now, for I believe fervently in the God who made Heaven and Earth, the God who answers the prayers of those who trust in Him." Beatrix looked radiant as she said these words, her lips parted in a smile, her eyes gleamed with soft brightness. Her father stared at her aghast, and then he gripped her hand tighter.

"Don't pray to God for Margaret's life," he muttered, hoarsely; "you would not have her live on—an imbecile!"

"But she may recover," cried Beatrix. "Why take such a gloomy view, dear father; of course, she will recover."

"I doubt it," the man replied, in low tones; "when you get to Oakfields you will see a mad woman, Trix. Yes, by the Heaven above us, I swear to you that Margaret is mad—mad." He repeated the word with savage energy, and then he turned abruptly away.

A moment later the special conveying the Premier up to town puffed out of the station, watched by Beatrix and a small group of obsequious porters and underlings. Beatrix followed the train out of sight with her eyes, and then she turned and left the station. Outside the Chevenix carriage waited. "Drive as fast as you can to Oakfields," she directed the coachman—"as fast as the horses can take us."

(To be continued to-morrow.)

# FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

How is it that some women ask for their money, if Fels-Naptha is so good?

Because they don't go by the book, and so don't find-out Fels-Naptha. They think they know how to wash and won't try a new way. They boil their clothes and lose the advantage.

The wonder is that so few complain when so many destroy Fels-Naptha by boiling.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilton street London E.C.



to do in return for the free watch is to promise to advertise us by showing it to your friends. State whether lady's agent's watch is required, and we will send Chain to match.



## ONE WHEEL OVER THE PRECIPICE.

### Captain Deasy Describes His Sensational Motor Tour in the Alps, and His Narrow Escape from Destruction.

Captain Deasy arrived in London yesterday morning, having made a remarkable journey in the Alps on his 16-20-h.p. Martini motor-car.

M. Georges Prade, of the "Auto," was entrusted with the mapping out of a route in the Alps. This route included twenty-nine big passes from 3,000 to 9,500 feet high, and was a total of 1,866 miles.

Fifteen days were allowed for the journey. It was, however, completed in twelve and a half days.

Captain Deasy, who received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society for explorations in Central Asia and Chinese Turkestan, shared the driving with M. Max de Martini.

Two other passengers—M. H. Massat Buist and M. Georges Prade—were carried throughout, whilst during two and a half days a fifth passenger was carried, in addition to luggage and a hood. The only repairs and adjustments made were changing two tyres and tightening the chains. The brakes were not touched throughout the journey.

#### ANOTHER INCH, AND DEATH.

A representative of the *Daily Mirror* found Captain Deasy, and in the course of conversation the Captain said that the ascent of the Col de Forclaz was by far the most exciting mountain experience of his lifetime.

A local guide was engaged, who explained that the passage must be early in the morning, because there was no room to pass a mule as there was a wall on one side and a precipice on the other. Consequently, a start was made from Martini at 4.14 a.m.

Corner after corner was encountered, and owing to the length of the car it could only be got round the acute angle by three or four short advances, and three or four short "backings."

"The backings were very exciting," said Captain Deasy, "an inch too far, and all would have been

over, for there was no wall, not a stone to indicate where the road ceased, and space took its place. And there were fifty such turns in the passage of the Col de Forclaz.

#### NEARLY PUSHED OVER.

"Yes," continued the Captain, "we had some narrow squeaks. After turning thirty or forty acute corners without encountering anything, one is apt to believe the road is always free from vehicles.

"But on one occasion we swung round a corner, and found ourselves face to face with a three-horsed diligence. We stopped and backed, but to be pushed over the precipice by the two shafts seemed to be inevitable. I gave a loud shout and that arrested the horses, who backed on to their haunches, just clear of us. We were saved.

"But I do not care to remember how near our back wheels were to the crumbling edge of the road.

#### INCREDULOUS INNKEEPER.

"When we arrived on the other side at 6.35 a.m., the innkeeper refused to believe that we had crossed the pass, but thought we were playing him a trick. Fortunately we have a photograph of the car in front of the telegraph station at the top.

"The guide was useless as a witness. He simply repeated 'Wonderful! Marvellous!' If we had met a foot passenger, he would have had to clamber along the side of the car in order to pass.

"We suffered from sickness and nose-bleeding. The climatic changes were very trying. We would lunch in a sweltering valley and dine in the snows.

"But even to an old mountaineer the crossing of an average of two or three passes a day, descending slippery roads with not more than six inches of margin for side-slip, with a vehicle and load weighing a ton and three-quarters, tell their tale, and personally I have done with mountain motoring for the present!"

### "MIRROR'S" NON-STOP MOTOR TRIAL.

#### Automobile Club's Sanction Still Awaited.

The organisation of the *Mirror's* new non-stop trial of motor-cars is at a stand-still owing to the delay in the receipt of a reply to the application made for the official sanction of the Automobile Club.

The latest addition to those who have approved the conditions and petitioned the club to authorise the trial is Mr. E. H. Arnott, who will drive a 20-h.p. Simms car. Mr. Arnott is a well-known long-distance driver.

The Richardson Motor Company, of Lincoln, telegraph that they approve the conditions, and would enter a car, but fear the date may not suit them.

#### STOLE HIS OWN CAR.

##### Amusing Experience of a French Automobilist.

To be arrested three times for stealing one's own motor-car is a unique experience, yet this has befallen M. Hervez, a well-known automobilist, in Paris.

A few days ago he left his new car at the door of a restaurant while he entertained some friends at lunch.

No one was left in charge of the car, and upon issuing from the restaurant he was dismayed to find the machine gone.

Information was given to the police, and next day the "auto" was found in a ditch not far outside Paris, deserted.

M. Hervez forgot to communicate with the twenty or more police bureaux, which had undertaken to search for the stolen car, and the following day the lawful owner had therefore the charge of being arrested for being in possession of the car, a description of which was in the hands of the police.

There was much telephoning to and fro, and much excited parleying. Eventually M. Hervez was released, only to be arrested two hours later in another street for the same offence.

Explanations, however, secured his release, but alas! the next day, when touring to Versailles, M. Hervez was once more held up and conveyed to the police station, charged with stealing his machine.

For the third time he proved his ownership, and now he is contemplating a change in the too familiar number of his car.

### ROYALTY IN CITY-ROAD.

#### Prince and Princess of Wales Open Leysian Mission.

The Prince and Princess of Wales yesterday opened the "Queen Victoria" Hall of the new Leysian Mission building in the City-road.

Capable of accommodating 2,000 persons, the hall was filled to overflowing, but kept cool by a new method of ventilation, cold air being driven into the hall through water and across ice.

Lord Strathcona explained that the mission was founded in 1886, and from that time until the present had been controlled and supported by past and present scholars of the Leys School at Cambridge. The work and good it had done was incalculable.

The Princess was then presented with a small picture of the new buildings beautifully framed in dull silver, and her Royal Highness then declared the Queen Victoria Hall open.

The most touching part of a very impressive ceremony was the presentation of purses in aid of the opening fund.

All sorts and conditions were represented, from an exquisitely gowned young lady in dainty white muslin, who proffered a purse containing fifty guineas to a lad belonging to the Boys' Brigade, who was loudly cheered when he handed his purse with £1 7s. inside, which he himself had saved and collected; to the Princess, who thanked him with a kindly smile.

In the open-air roof-garden, which will be a boon to many workers, a commemorative tablet was unveiled, and their Royal Highnesses were then escorted downstairs to tea.

The building is expected to be finished in October, when inaugural meetings will be held.

### DRAMATIC WEDDING SCENE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PRAGUE, Monday.

At the wedding of a peasant at Tischnowitz, Moravia, the bridegroom's former sweetheart made her appearance, carrying her four-year-old child. As her faithless lover was entering the church she stopped him, calling upon him to remain true to her. Pushing her aside, he entered the church, and the ceremony began.

Just at the moment when the hands of the wedding couple were being joined, the discarded sweetheart rushed in, and tearing off the bride's wreath placed it on her own head, the child meanwhile calling out loudly, "I will have a father."

The unhappy girl was removed, and the wedding proceeded.

### HAGGERTY AT BLACKPOOL.

Now that the water becomes warmer day by day, Haggerty, the "Weekly Dispatch" Channel swimmer, has excellent conditions for his training.

On Thursday he will undertake a long trial swim, for which the steamboat Clifton has been engaged to accompany him.

# EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE



These are the days when you need a drink that is more than simply wet; you want a long, cool, refreshing draught of that most delicious beverage.

## EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE.

Health in every sip, and refreshment in every drop.

### THE MEDICAL MAGAZINE says:—

"It is a Lemonade as refreshing and as pleasant to the most critical taste as it is possible to obtain. We cordially recommend it to the notice of the Medical Profession as well as to the general public."

2 GALLONS FOR 4½<sup>D</sup>.

### SEASIDE STORIES.

3d. LONG COMPLETE STORIES.  
INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING.



THE KING AT NEWMARKET.

Cats'-meat, he adds, is often sold at the same shop as meat intended for human consumption.



sequence will not be seen out for some time; and son of Colorado is entered for two races at Newmarket to-day—the Beaufort Stakes and the Trial Plate.



